THE

PARSON's WIFE.

A NOVEL.

WRITTEN

BY A LADY.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PARSON's WIFE.

RESIGNATION.

IN a village many miles diſtant from the Metropolis reſided Mr. Godfrey; whoſe retreat was the only remnant of a large fortune, and his lovely daughter, Mary, the only *remnant* of his happineſs, as the ſame week which gave her birth deprived him of an amiable wife.

Mr. Godfrey's obſcurity was not embittered by being buried in it through his own imprudence; for the infidelity of two *imaginary* friends in whom he too ſtrongly confided, effected the revolution in his circumſtances. Neither did he ſuffer reſentment for their ill uſage to deſtroy his repoſe. No, he forgave, and was content with a capital of ten thouſand, after poſſeſſing upwards of thirty; for ſo it is, a ſubmiſſive reſignation to the decrees of Providence, will often diffuſe a ſatisfaction even ſuperior to the advantages formerly enjoyed.

It is certain, with Mr. Godfrey's wife, expired his deareſt hopes of felicity, and at that melancholy period he found a difficulty in being reſigned; yet time mellowed his affliction, and pointed out a path of comfort, in watching the tender years

years of his infant daughter; ſhe became his firſt and fondeſt care. At the age of four years he changed her nurſe for a governeſs, who might ſupply maternal duties, by attentions to her mind as well as perſon. Every branch of polite education, which required a maſter, he taught her himſelf; the affectionate inſtructor ſucceeded to his moſt ſanguine wiſhes; and at the age of ſixteen behold Mary Godfrey as intereſting an object as a refined ſenſible mind, with animated blooming lovelineſs, could decide her— like Hayley's Serina,

"The Child of Modeſty by Virtue bred."

THE GOVERNESS.

Mr. Godfrey's family conſiſted of himſelf, his daughter, Mrs. Maddel,

with a male and two female ſervants.

Mrs. Maddel, Mary's governeſs, had reſided there twelve years; ſhe was the widow of a merchant who failed; and the ſenſe of his misfortunes was ſo keen it proved fatal to him. Lady Newland, a neighbour of Mr. Godfrey's, knew Mrs. Maddel in proſperity, and was happy in being of ſervice to both friends, by eſtabliſhing her in a ſituation calculated to exhibit her real worth; no perſon being better qualified for the important truſt: religiouſly ſtrict in her morals, of a liberal education; and though painful retroſpects ſometimes made her ſerious, ſhe was naturally chearful, abounding with ideas which not only conveyed amuſement but inſtruction. Her age was at this period near fifty, and ſhe enjoyed an un-

uninterrupted good ſtate of health; a peculiar bleſſing to thoſe who have the care of children, whoſe conſtitutions as well as minds are apt to take their bias from thoſe about them.

Mary loved Mrs. Maddel as a mother, and though no longer in need of her inſtructions, the idea of parting from her was too afflicting to ſupport— neither could Mr. Godfrey reconcile himſelf to the ſeparation between him and his daughter's governeſs, there was a confirmed friendſhip. Their hopes and fears had long borne the ſame tendency: all centered in Mary— each was convinced of the other's worth, and the high ſentiments entertained of it cemented their minds.

THE VISIT.

The only ſuperior houſe within three miles of Godfrey Cottage, was Lady Newland's, who loſt her huſband Sir Richard, about the time Mr. Maddel died.

This Lady had a daughter about two years older than Mary, who was bred at a Boarding School near London, which ſhe had juſt quitted—Emilia Newland was firſt ſent for home at the age of fifteen; but her improvements not equalling her mother's expectations, ſhe was placed at ſchool again, and remained three years longer, during which time, her application (if ſhe made any) was equally unſucceſsful, and ſhe arrived at Newland houſe unfiniſhed in every art but thoſe of dreſs and coquetry.

The

The family at the cottage thought it incumbent to pay their reſpects to Miſs Newland; and hearing there was likewiſe Company at the houſe, Mary took more than uſual pains in equipping herſelf. She never had been *fine* in her life, but the elegant ſimplicity of her dreſs ever illuſtrated that of her manners; on this occaſion her charms were really particularly conſpicuous, yet was ſhe certain of being eclipſed by Miſs Newland; whilſt her fond father and governeſs thought her beyond parallel.

On their arrival at Newland Houſe they found, indeed, a large Company. The Young lady thinking ſhe ſhould infinitely want ſociety, had prevailed on two others to accompany her home. Two nephews of Lady Newland's were alſo there; and ſeveral of the neighbouring families

viſiting on the ſame account as Mr. Godfrey's.

The circle appeared rather formidable to Mary, who had been accuſtomed to a very confined one; and though ſhe made her entrance with an artleſs grace, that attended all her movements, ſhe bluſhed exceſſively: upon which Miſs Newland, who was ſitting between her two ſchool-fellows, burſt into a loud laugh, and they echoed it ſtill more, diſconcerting the diffident Mary. The laugh being ſo pointedly at her, it was impoſſible to miſtake it—Lady Newland looked angry at her daughter, for ſhe was conſiderate to a degree; but it was not the firſt time ſhe had been pained by the *outré* behaviour of Emilia. Her young viſitor was, however ſoon re-aſſured, by the civilities of more pleaſing characters than the three young

young ladies.— Mr. Peyton and Mr. Robert Peyton, her Ladyſhip's nephews, were particular in their attentions to Mary, which made Miſs Newland bluſh with anger; a *bluſh* infinitely leſs becoming than that of modeſty, which excited her laughter.

So envious was Emilia of Mary's charms, ſo jealous of the evident power of them, that ſhe hardly ſpoke civilly to her the whole day; on which account the object of her diſquiet was not ſorry when evening arrived, and they took leave.

A NEW PLAN.

"I do not think," ſaid Mary, when they were ſeated in the Chaiſe, "Miſs "Newland's return will beſtow any "new attraction on Newland houſe:"

"judge not haſtily, my love," ſaid Mr. Godfrey, after being diſconcerted the mind is not in a proper ſtate to draw concluſions.

Mary felt herſelf corrected, and laughed and chatted to convince her father ſhe forgot and forgave.

But Mr. Godfrey was even more diſappointed than his daughter, to ſee his young neighbour appear ſo unamiable; for excluſive of the ſalutation with which ſhe favoured Mary, her whole conduct was ſo aſſured, ſo calculated to inſpire diſguſt rather than any pleaſing ſentiment, that he was well convinced ſhe would never be an elegible companion for his daughter; and ſuch a one he much wiſhed, to give a variety to her occupations; for though ſhe ever ſeemed happy in converſing with him and Mrs. Maddel, her nature was ſocial,

and

and her father ſaw no reaſon to counteract it.

A friendly intercourſe had ſubſiſted with Lady Newland, but he foreſaw, as well as his daughter, it could not be continued with equal ſatisfaction.

The idea was ſo forcible that Mr. Godfrey actually thought of changing his ſituation: he lived prudently, but imagined he could continue to do ſo within the reach of a deſirable ſoci ty, as well as in the retirement of Godfrey Cottage. In ſhort, the morning after the viſit, he reſolved to try if his new plan proved agreeable to Mary and Mrs. Maddel, whoſe advice he valued, and whoſe comfort he ſtudied.

THE FRIENDLY CONTEST.

The Trio met at breakfaſt, with their uſual affectionate ſalutations, but each appeared to have wanted reſt.

Mr. Godfrey made the remark, and propoſed they ſhould each tell what had interrupted their repoſe.

Mary, fond of chatting, inſtantly began, ſaying, "She had neither "ſlept nor been awake all night, in "imagination, repeating their viſit "at Newland Houſe, and condemn-"ing her own conduct, firſt in look-"ing fooliſh, then being vexed at "the reſulting laugh; and more than "all, added ſhe, I thought I could "make much better anſwers to all "the fine things the Mr. Peytons "ſaid to me, could I regain the op-"portunity."

Her

Her father could not help ſmiling at this little effuſion of vanity, and turned to Mrs. Maddel, who, ſighing, ſaid, "it was not a new ſubject had "kept her awake, but what had diſ- "turbed her repoſe ſome months paſt"

Both father and daughter immediately looked concerned, whilſt Mrs. Maddel continued,— "Though ſhe "ſhould ever retain the higheſt ve- "neration for that roof which had "ſheltered her from the keeneſt ad- "verſity, ſhe muſt quit it." She ſpoke in a determined, though melancholy tone, and Mary turned pale, but Mr. Godfrey exclaimed, "No, "my dear Madam, it is impoſſible "for you to advance reaſons ſtrong "enough for your leaving us."

"I can, Sir, replied ſhe;" whilſt "Miſs Godfrey's tender age requi- "red my care, I thought by every

" exertion to perform my duty; in " the taſk allotted me, I merited your " bounty; ſhe has now no further " occaſion for my inſtructions, under " your guidance, and that of her own " good ſenſe, ſhe cannot ſtray." Mrs. Maddel wiped her Eyes; Mary's were alſo ſuffuſed in tears, who declared in a choaked voice,— " The " parting would be death to her."

" You ſhall not, my dear child, " ſaid Mr. Godfrey, have ſo ſevere " a trial," who ſpoke thus deciſively, becauſe he perfectly conceived Mrs. Maddel's delicacy, and determined, by making himſelf the obliged party, ſhe ſhould not refuſe to ſtay.

THE LETTER.

Mr. Godfrey was going to wave the diſcourſe by opening his new plan,

plan, when the ſervant brought him a letter: the ſeal was black, which ſomewhat diſcouraged him from breaking it; but when he did, the contents ſurpriſed him, by informing him of the death of a maternal uncle, who, dying a bachelor, had bequeathed him no leſs a ſum than fifty thouſand pounds; the executor added, Mr. Aubrey was divided whether to leave it to him, or for the benefit of different charities; but recollecting the immenſe loſs he had ſuſtained without repining, he without further heſitation decided in favor of his relation.

There had been a party difference between Mr. Aubrey, and Mr. Godfrey's father, ſo that the uncle and nephew knew very little of each other, which, as Mary grew up, Mr. Godfrey ſometimes regretted; for the

the moſt diſintereſted perſons deſire to ſee their children diſtinguiſhed; and on his beloved daughter's account, he felt elated at his unexpected increaſe of fortune.

Mary's youthful heart was charmed with the proſpect of affluence, and Mrs. Maddel did not fail to point out the juſtice of Providence, in rewarding her father's ſubmiſſion to its former decrees; which Mary acknowledged, but her imagination was taking fifty flights ſhe hoped ſoon to realize.

THE VISITORS.

This acquiſition very happily forwarded the ſcheme Mr. Godfrey had ſuggeſted, and he told the Ladies his intention of quitting Godfrey Cottage.

Mary

Mary caſt her eyes around as her father ſpoke, and all the hours of pleaſure and inſtruction ſhe had paſſed there, revolved in her mind; a tranſient melancholy oppreſſed her; but new ſcenes and new faces ſwam before her, and joy preponderated.

Preparations began for going to London, where Mr. Godfrey was to meet his uncle's executor.

The news of their departure began to ſpread abroad; tokens of unfeigned ſorrow were diſplayed by the ſurrounding cottagers, who had often bleſſed the bounty of Mr. Godfrey, and the fair hands of Mary who diſpenſed it. Small gifts, judiciouſly beſtowed, will frequently enſure a larger ſhare of gratitude than indiſcriminate liberality.—So much was Mr. Godfrey's family adored by the poor neighbours, that they thought it ſtill more grievous to relinquiſh the ſight of

of him, his daughter and her worthy governeſs, than to loſe the more lucrative advantages they daily experienced.

Amongſt the women and children Mary had made herſelf particularly familiar; ſhe would work, or read for them, and thought no occupation beneath her that communicated ſatisfaction to a fellow creature.

Her father's congenial mind judged her wiſhes to make every compenſation ſhe could for quitting them; and gave her the means with which, though ſhe could not procure a larger ſhare of love and gratitude than ſhe already poſſeſſed, ſhe brought forth new bleſſings from ſome, and ſobs more expreſſive than words from others.

Mr.

Mr. Godfrey promiſed, when ſettled, to think of ſomething more permanent for their benefit, and with good advice deſired them to be comforted.

Theſe farewells affected Mary, and the ſtopping of Lady Newland's carriage hurried her; ſhe haſtened with her father to receive the viſitors it contained, which were her Ladyſhip, Miſs Newland, and the two Mr. Peytons.

Lady Newland ſaid to Mr. Godfrey, "I ought, Sir, from the friendſhip I "bear your family to rejoice at the "news I hear, but I cannot for the "life of me, ſince we are to be de-"prived of your ſociety.—" Mr. Godfrey replied, "a wiſh for Lady "Newland's company would attend "them every where, but that their "departure might not interfere with "her congratulations, he aſſured her "he

" he had determined on a leſs ſe-
" cluded mode of life, before he
" heard of his good fortune."

Some compliments ſucceeded, in which Miſs Newland bore a ſhare; ſhe felicitated Mary on going to London, where ſhe would feel ſome pleaſure in her exiſtence.

Mary replied, " I have never found
" my exiſtence irkſome in the coun-
" try."

" No! (ſaid Emilia) then for
" heaven's ſake, my dear creature,
" leave me as a legacy your art of
" beguiling time, and I ſhall be
" bound to pray for you the whole
" century I am immured here."

Mary ſmiled, and before ſhe could anſwer, Mr. Robert Peyton ſaid, " could Miſs Godfrey diſpenſe that
" *art*, ſhe would have many petiti-
" oners even in London, and he was

" well

" well convinced, ſhe would have " numerous ſuppliants on another " account."

Mary with much *naiveté*, ſaid, " *diſtreſs* was far too prevalent every " where.—" Upon this Emilia was very near laughing as loud as on a former occaſion, but reſtrained herſelf from fear of her mother; and indeed Mr. Godfrey's increaſe of fortune intitled his daughter, in her idea, to more reſpect; beſides ſhe was going to remove; her charms would no longer make certain compariſons odious. Thus Emilia was diſpoſed to be infinitely more agreeable, than the day Mary viſited her.

This was Thurſday, and the Monday following was fixed for the journey to London.

THE DEPARTURE.

Mr. Godfrey's time being too limited to let his cottage, Lady Newland very obligingly promiſed her ſteward ſhould tranſact the buſineſs, when opportunity offered.— Ever regular in his proceedings, Mr. Godfrey had little to do beſides. As to his three domeſticks, who had long been in his family, and hoped to die in it,—they were amongſt his moveables, and in a chaiſe followed that which contained himſelf, Mary, and Mrs. Maddel. They ſet off ſhedding the tears of ſenſibility, amidſt the ſincere effuſions of ſorrow the villagers evinced, bleſſing them, and following the carriage with their eyes.

At

At Newland Houſe they had promiſed to ſtop, which they did, but very few words paſſed: Lady Newland was a valuable acquaintance,—Mrs. Maddel loved her as a ſiſter; it was with difficulty ſhe expreſſed her wiſhes to hear from them ſoon. Mr. Godfrey engaged ſhe ſhould, and they returned to the carriage.

The lovelineſs of the country, which ſpring highly adorned, ſoon employed Mary's attention; and though ſhe could not perfectly regain her natural chearfulneſs, ſhe exerted herſelf to do ſo; ſhe ſat between the two perſons ſhe loved beſt on earth, could ſhe be unhappy?

Mr. Godfrey was ſtill grave,—He had quitted that retirement where tranquillity inſpired reſignation,—He had bid adieu to the Tomb of his wife, which he had been uſed to viſit

viſit daily,—and he was going to immerſe his beloved Mary in a world, which he knew, was fraught with cares and perplexities. With theſe ſubjects of reflection he arrived at Exeter, which concluded their day's Journey; and after a ſlight repaſt, the travellers ſought repoſe.

THE FIDLER.

Exeter was the largeſt town Mary had ever ſeen; ſhe could ſcarcely eat her breakfaſt for gazing at the window; and ſhe was ſo beautiful that thoſe who once beheld her, were not in a hurry to remove their eyes; ſhe was aſtoniſhed ſo many perſons ſhould look in at the window, whilſt numerous objects demanding obſervation, appeared without. But finding at

at length the gaze was at herſelf, ſhe withdrew, concluding her dreſs was poſſibly different from what they had been accuſtomed to ſee: never ſuppoſing her beauty attracted notice; as *that* ſhe was the leaſt acquainted with, of any one who knew her.— Her father treated the ſubject with ſo little conſideration, that he never ſuffered it to be mentioned, being of opinion, that the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a poſſeſſion, moſt materially injured it.

They left Exeter each in better ſpirits than the day before; Mary warbled ſeveral ſongs; her notes were ſweet and true: Mr. Godfrey was perfect maſter of the Harpſichord, and had made his daughter as good a performer as himſelf.

Thus diſpoſed to harmonious gaiety and chearful converſe, the hours

paſſed ſwiftly; and they were near the town where they meant to dine, when they eſpied three travellers, a man, woman and child; the woman appeared fatigued, and on a nearer view, entirely intereſted the party in the chaiſe; Mary begged to ſtop and ſpeak to her, upon which Mr. Godfrey aſked if they had travelled far; "Yes, pleaſe your ho-"nour," ſaid the man, "and all the "way on the *Marrow-Bone Stage.*"

"You are diſpoſed to be jocular "friend, returned Mr. Godfrey, "but I like to ſee people chearful "under difficulties, ſo there is a "trifle to keep up your ſpirits."

"Bob is ſeldom out of tune," replied he, "nor my fiddle neither, "as you ſhall hear at the next "ſtage for your generoſity, and I'll "be bold to ſay, I ſhall give you "ſatisfaction."

Your

"Your wife ſeems tired," ſaid Mary, in a tone of pity; and indeed ſhe was ſo faint ſhe could hardly ſtand, which Matthew, Mr. Godfrey's ſervant, perceiving, left his ſeat in the chaiſe, and came up to deſire the woman and child might occupy it; adding, he ſhould be glad to ſtretch his legs by walking a few miles.

Matthew's good nature was rewarded, by his offer being accepted, and looks of approbation from his young miſtreſs. He was himſelf a humane being, and in Mr. Godfrey's family, every virtue was induſtriouſly cultivated.

In leſs than an hour the Chaiſes ſtopped where the Travellers were to dine; Mr. Godfrey's party ate with a good appetite, and ſo did the poor woman, whom the ſervants were deſired to take good care of.—

She begged leave to thank her benefactors, which ſhe did in a ſtile far ſuperior to her ſituation, but that ſhe ſaid, was lower than her birth, hinting, her own imprudence cauſed her misfortunes.

Mary's curioſity was raiſed, and ſhe was aſking the woman ſome queſtions, when her huſband and Matthew arrived.

THE UNDUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

The fidler came capering into the room, in order to fulfil his promiſe, but Mr. Godfrey told him firſt to play a tune with his knife and fork, after which they would attend to his other performance.

Bob ſubmitted, though he ſaid he ofteneſt played when he had inward cravings;

cravings; indeed he had heard muſick was firſt invented to drive off hunger. He left the room, however, to ſatisfy his demands of that nature.

Mrs. Maddel and Mary deſired the woman to remain, and laviſhed many careſſes on the child, a very pretty girl and perfectly clean, about four years old; the mother finding the ladies deſirous of knowing how ſhe became ſo far reduced, ſaid, "I am the only daughter of a far-"mer of ſome property, and was "adored by both father and mother. "They indulged me to a fault, and "I have repayed them with black in-"gratitude; for the man who is now "my huſband, about five years ſince "was travelling with his fiddle, but "in ſomewhat better plight than he "is at preſent, and met ſo much "encouragement at an inferior far-

" mer's near us, whoſe daughter I
" often went to ſee, that he found
" frequent opportunities of converſ-
" ing with me; and by his mirth
" and good humour, ſo ſtrongly re-
" commended himſelf, that I agreed
" to marry him, firmly perſuaded
" my father was too fond of me, not
" to place us above want. In ſhort,
" I eloped with Jenkins, and we were
" privately married; ſecure in being
" received, he accompanied me
" home, but who can deſcribe my
" father's furious wrath, or my
" mother's grief."

" With my huſband I was driven
" from the houſe, and have ever
" ſince lived in beggary; for though
" Jenkins might by ſcraping, keep
" us from ſtarving, he is alas!
" more fond of drink than victuals.
" As to myſelf, the indulgence of

" my

" my parents ſuffered me to paſs my
" time without any one profitable
" purſuit; but we are now going to
" London, where I am reſolved to
" aim at ſome employment for the
" ſupport of my child, who is at
" once my greateſt trouble and my
" greateſt comfort."

Mary, during this recital, felt a horror at ſuch guilty diſobedience; yet her gentleneſs allowed it to have been ſeverely puniſhed, and telling Mrs. Jenkins, herſelf and child ſhould be taken care of to London, diſmiſſed her. Upon the entrance of her father, who had been giving orders without, ſhe begged him to hire a horſe for Matthew, and he complied: ſo Bob's wife and child reſumed their places in the chaiſe, with the maid ſervants; and he had a place taken for him on the top of a leſs fatiguing

ſtage, than the *Marrow Bone.* Thus inſpired, Bob played a merry tune before they ſet off, and the next night they all arrived in the great city.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Mr. Aubrey's executor, Mr. Mordant, was a man of fortune, who lived with his family in Pall-Mall.

Mr. Mordant had no ſooner found Mr. Godfrey's intention of going to London, than he very politely offered him the uſe of his houſe.

Mr. Godfrey was ever happy to confer obligations, which made him leſs ſcrupulous of accepting them; accordingly they drove to Pall-Mall, where they were expected.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant received them in a manner bordering on friendſhip; but how was Mrs. Maddel ſurpriſed when in Mrs. Mordant ſhe recollected a lady with whom ſhe had formerly been extremely intimate; as Mrs. Hadleigh, then the widow of a gentleman, who, after providing handſomely for his children, left her an independency, which ſhe thought fit to beſtow on Mr. Mordant.

The ladies expreſſed infinite ſatisfaction in the unexpected meeting; ſo did Mr. and Miſs Godfrey that they were arrived at their journey's end; but what pleaſed them ſtill more, and diffuſed itſelf in their manners, was the prepoſſeſſion they conceived in favour of Mr. and Mrs. Mordant: the latter ſaid, ſhe ſhould be happy to introduce her daugh-

ter to Miſs Godfrey, who had been on a viſit in the country, but was expected home the next morning.

This young lady's name was Hadleigh, and ſhe had a brother who was ſtudying divinity; Mrs. Mordant had alſo two ſons by her latter marriage, the eldeſt about thirteen, but they were both at ſchool; ſo that the family at home, only conſiſted of themſelves and Miſs Hadleigh, whom Mary felt impatient to ſee, judging from the mother, ſhe muſt be very amiable.

Mary in the hurry of their arrival, forgot the charges ſhe had picked up on the road; on mentioning them to her father, ſhe found the fidler, who arrived in town firſt, had procured a lodging, and fetched his wife to it, and had been deſired to call in the morning. The party retired ſoon after

after ſupper, and Mary, for the firſt time in her life, ſlept in London.

PLEASING INTRODUCTIONS.

As ſoon as it was day-light, Mary recollecting where ſhe was, got up and dreſſed herſelf: Mrs. Maddel, on opening her eyes, was aſtoniſhed to ſee her preparing to leave the room, and looking at her watch, aſſured her the houſe would moſt probably be quiet ſome hours longer, as it was then only five o'clock: upon which Mary took up a book, and ſat down in the window, but being more inclined to look through it, than read, ſhe ſaw the ſooty beings whoſe uncommon noiſe had awakened her; ſhe alſo ſaw two or three fine gentlemen with ſallow faces and diſordered

dreſſes, and ſome ladies of a deſcription ſhe could not account for; but their appearance gave her no very favorable idea of them, and ſhe hoped Miſs Hadleigh would look otherwiſe. Mary judged, however, from what ſhe ſaw, if ſhe continued to riſe in London, at five o'clock, it would be before many of the inhabitants were gone to bed: ſhe thought the time rather tedious till breakfaſt, which was not ready before eleven, and ſuppoſed Mrs. Mordant was ſpeaking ironically, when ſhe ſaid, they looked upon themſelves as early people.

Breakfaſt over, Mr. Mordant accompanied Mr. Godfrey to his late uncle's bankers, and Mary was ſummoned to the fidler and his wife; to whom ſhe made a preſent, and taking their direction promiſed to notice them further, when ſhe

was more ſettled. After thus diſmiſſing the objects of her kindneſs, her attention was wholly engroſſed by the arrival of Miſs Hadleigh, whoſe appearance inſtantly more than realized the expectations her imagination had buſily formed:—to Mary who had never before ſeen any young woman half ſo handſome or engaging, it was particularly ſtriking.

Conſtance Hadleigh's beauty, was not more in her face and perſon, than in the elegance of her manners, and the winning ſoftneſs of her addreſs.

Such youth and innocence as diſtinguiſhed Mary, were matured in Conſtance, to the graces of twenty one.

Mrs. Maddel was charmed with her friend's daughter, whom ſhe remembered a little girl, and Mr. Godfrey

frey ſaw in Miſs Hadleigh, all he wiſhed an intimate of Mary's ſhould poſſeſs, which was the higheſt opinion ſhe could poſſibly inſpire him with.

LONDON WIT.

Miſs Hadleigh was not leſs delighted with her new acquaintance, than they were with her; ſhe ſtudied, as well as her father and mother, to render their ſtay in Pall-Mall agreeable.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant would not ſuffer Mr. Godfrey to ſeek any other ſituation in London; finding, with ſome concern, he did not propoſe ſtaying there more than a month.

Mary was pleaſed with almoſt all ſhe ſaw, but acknowledged, the country

try was the place for rational delights; though Miſs Hadleigh's converſation ſhe thought one of the greateſt ſatisfactions ſhe had ever known, whoſe excellent ſenſe, atoned for the frivolity ſhe met with in other young women, which, indeed, ſhe little noticed; Mary being of a diſpoſition to obſerve minutely, every particle of merit in her aſſociates; whilſt the foibles ſhe penetrated, engaged her pity, but never her diſcourſe.

The Mordants had an extenſive acquaintance, ſo that viſiting, and viewing the lions in general, largely engroſſed their viſitors time.

Mary, as it has been obſerved, was well entertained; but neither Mr. Godfrey or Mrs. Maddel experienced that happy ſerenity, they had known at Godfrey Cottage.

The

The many years they had been abſent from the world, appeared to them to have made wonderful revolutions in it; at leaſt amongſt the individuals they had known.— The fathers of families were dead, many of the ſons and daughters alſo: ſome gone to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies: — in fine, Mrs. Mordant's was the only face Mrs. Maddel recollected; and Mr. Godfrey traced very few remains of his former acquaintance.

The inferior part of Mr. Godfrey's family, pronounced London a huge fine place; but poor Matthew ſaid, "give him the country for good manners, where a perſon might walk along, without being puſhed from ſide to ſide, as tho'f they were in every body's way." Upon his maſter deſiring him to keep his right hand to the wall, he found that inconvenience,

nience, in ſome meaſure ſubſide: but the *witty* Londoners ſtill loved to teaze the countryman; frequently ſending him home with marks of diſtinction on his cloaths; at other times, directing him wrong; ſo that at length puzzled, and not knowing which way to turn, he would take a coach, at the top of the Hay-market, and bid the coachman drive to Pall-Mall. Matthew was ſoon to be releaſed from theſe troubles, the month devoted to London, being nearly expired.

THE PURCHASE.

Mr. Godfrey thought himſelf extremely fortunate in forming a friendſhip with ſo amiable a family.

Mr.

Mr. Mordant was a grave, ſteady character, ever ready to ſerve his friends, and from his experience, well qualified to act, as well as adviſe on moſt occaſions. His attachment to the late Mr. Aubrey evinced itſelf, in the attention he paid his nephew; Mr. Godfrey reſpected Mr. Mordant the more, for the manner in which he mentioned his uncle, who, he ſaid, was a man of infinite worth, though poſſeſſed of ſome particularities, that, only thoſe who eſteemed him, could excuſe; which he imputed to Mr. Aubrey's living alone for a great number of years; admitting very few to viſit him, and amongſt thoſe no young women, a ſet of beings he pronounced made up of vanity and falſehood. Mr. Mordant accounted for ſuch an antipathy, by the ill treatment of a young lady,

to

to whom he was going to be married, when about the age of thirty; adding, the averſion was ſo confirmed, that he verily believed, had his friend known of Miſs Godfrey, he would have diſpoſed of his fortune in a different manner; unleſs ſaid Mr. Mordant, who was not given to compliment, he could have ſeen her; when, I think, in ſpite of her youth and ſex, ſhe muſt have won him to her intereſt.

Mr. Godfrey thought he could not conſult a warmer friend on the ſituation moſt eligible to fix in.—Mr. Mordant recommended him to look at an eſtate in the county of Middleſex, then to be diſpoſed of; the deſcription ſeemed to anſwer, and a party was made to view it.

The premiſes being entirely approved of, Mr. Godfrey and the proprietor,

prietor, in a few days ſettled the buſineſs.

Mary had frequently expreſſed a wiſh to viſit France, and before they ſat quietly down, her father reſolved to oblige her, by a trip to Paris.—She ſolicited the favor of her dear Miſs Hadleigh's company, which was indeed, largely trying Mrs. Mordant's friendſhip; but in ſuch a party, and Mrs. Maddel the *chaperon*, ſhe could not refuſe her aſſent.

Mary anticipated much pleaſure in the excurſion; but agreed with her father, it was beſt to leave their new purchaſe comfortable, in order that they might find it ſo, when they returned; for which purpoſe, they ſent the ſervants to take poſſeſſion, and Matthew found himſelf once more in his element. Mary had not forgot her promiſe to the

fidler

fidler and his wife, and conſulted with her father how ſhe ſhould fulfil it. He recollected a ſmall cottage, vacant on the eſtate, which he gave her permiſſion to place them in, bidding her mention the terms, as the man being addicted to drink, might poſſibly give himſelf up to it, when certain of a ſhelter for his family, without any exertion on his part.

Mary ſubmitted to her father's opinion,— and called on Mrs. Jenkins to make the propoſal, telling her, to complete the plan, ſhe would furniſh the cottage, give her a ſtock of poultry, a cow and pigs; from which, with the produce of the garden, if properly cultivated, they might with eaſe pay the rent of ſix pounds per annum.

Mrs. Jenkins could only weep; her joy was beyond utterance; to be thus relieved from a ſtate of wandering indigence.

Bob ſtruck up a merry tune; now ſaid he, "we ſhall keep a pig, and "live pretty, as well as the beſt of "them."

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

Mary had converſed with ſeveral young men of figure and faſhion ſince her arrival in London; and had been particularly diſtinguiſhed by the moſt ſtriking; yet in the courſe of a *whole* month, ſhe had not once fancied herſelf *in love*.

She ſometimes thought on the ſubject, and one day, ſaid to Miſs Hadleigh, it was a paſſion, ſhe imagined, people in London could have no time for.

Miſs Hadleigh ſmiled, and ſaid, "why ſo?" in a manner that betrayed, ſhe was of a different opinion.

She

She ſmiled at Mary's obſervation, though it rather awakened ſome painful ſenſations; for Conſtance ſtill felt a ſincere attachment to one who ſought her love, and when he had gained it, betrayed indifference: ſhe was endeavouring, however, to conquer a partiality ſo ill returned; nor did her friends ſuſpect ſhe retained any part of it, having made her renunciation appear a matter of choice, that the *ingrate* might be acquitted.

This was a gentle generous *trait* in Miſs Hadleigh's character, and her mode of conduct under ſuch a diſappointment, in every reſpect, commendable; not fooliſhly pining to injure her health, conſequently making her friends unhappy, and gratifying the vanity of an inſincere lover, but chearfully entering into every ſcheme, that could give a turn to her thoughts.

Yet

Yet were Miſs Hadleigh's feelings, "like the needle true." Could ſhe relieve the unhappy, ſhe never reſted till ſhe affected it; and if that was beyond her power, her ſympathy they were ſure to poſſeſs.

Though Mary knew not all the merit of her friend, ſhe looked on her as a model of perfection, and often thought, if her brother was as amiable, he would alſo be a valuable acquiſition to their acquaintance.

William Hadleigh was at the Univerſity, and there appeared no chance of ſeeing him, till their return from France. His ſiſter had written to him, ſhe was going on ſuch an excurſion, but durſt not aſk him to interrupt his ſtudies, by coming to London, before her departure.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

William Hadleigh had purſued his ſtudies with ſuch avidity, he could ſpare time for the demands of affection; though he was not invited, he knew he ſhould be a welcome gueſt, and one day very ſuddenly made his appearance in Pall-Mall.

Mary, with ſome ſurpriſe, beheld her friend run into the arms of a ſtrange young man; but the myſtery was ſoon unravelled; Conſtance introducing her brother, beſpoke her attention, to the moſt graceful form ſhe had ever ſeen.

William Hadleigh was above the middle ſize, and his true proportion made his ſtature more commanding; the animation of his countenance,

could only be perfectly conceived by thoſe who ſaw him : his *tout enſemble*, bore an expreſſion of dignity, ſomewhat bordering on haughtineſs, which inſpired a ſentiment, not wholly congenial with admiration.

William viewed Mary as a very beautiful girl, but, as if he thought a few years would wonderfully improve her.

Mary ſpoke of him, when ſhe was alone with Mrs. Maddel, in high terms ; yet, contrary to her uſual ſilence on unpleaſing points, obſerved he was deficient in that ſweet affability, which diſtinguiſhed his ſiſter; ſhe ſpoke too, as if ſhe was ſorry to make any exceptions,— but Mrs. Maddel was her ſecond ſelf.

Mrs. Maddel ever prized the confidence her young pupil placed in her; it being her conſtant wiſh to be con-

 ſidered

ſidered, more a friend than governeſs; indeed the laſt name had latterly been entirely loſt.

Mr. Godfrey ſoon after their arrival in London, preſented the amiable woman with an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds, not ſuffering her even to thank him: after which, ſhe was as willing to remain in the family, as her friends were anxious to detain her.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant undertook to ſee Mr. Godfrey's houſe completely furniſhed againſt his return from France, and he party being ready, ſet off for Dover, whither Hadleigh did them the favor to eſcort them.

SYMPTOMS OF PARTIALITIES.

The more Mary became acquainted with Hadleigh, the more ſhe admir-

ed his numerous graces; though ſhe regretted ſtill, they were not accompanied by a certain complacency, that would illumine all. He certainly poſſeſſed a conſcious ſuperiority, which, knowing he was very near taking Orders, particularly diſpleaſed her; for ſhe had formed notions, that humility ſhould be a marked characteriſtic of the cloth.

Mary's thoughts were ſomewhat occupied by her friend's brother, or ſhe could not have been thus intereſted in his manners; an intereſt ſhe imputed to her affection for Conſtance.

Hadleigh on his part, began to diſcover Miſs Godfrey was not ſo much a girl as he had ſuppoſed.

The juſtneſs of her ſentiments, and propriety of expreſſion, ſoon convinced him her underſtanding was a ſuperior

perior one, and ſhe had taken inſtruction,—

"As we do air; faſt as 'twas miniſtered:
"Which made her ſpring a harveſt."

Under theſe ideas he treated her with greater diſtinction, which conſequently improved him in her opinion; ſo that when he took leave of them, on board the pacquet, ſhe thought their party ſuſtained a capital loſs; and Hadleigh, with all his College airs, would rather have proceeded, than return to his gown and cap.

It was a fact that Mary's ſpirits were not ſo tranquil as uſual after his departure; but ſhe was embarking on the tremendous ocean, and that might be the *excuſe*; yet ſhe aſſured her father ſhe was not alarmed.

Mr. Godfrey had been accuſtomed to read his Mary's countenance as the faithful index of her thoughts; it then conveyed intelligence that the journey to France was not ſo perfectly to her wiſhes, as when it was firſt propoſed: but they were gone too far to recede; and he rather felt diſpoſed, in ſome degree, to reſtrain his daughter's inclinations, than ſuffer her to appear whimſical. Having never from her infancy indulged her to gratify his affection, in contradiction to his judgement, which prevented her ever expreſſing a wiſh that the ſtricteſt propriety might not accompliſh.

Mr. Godfrey, as well as his daughter, found himſelf intereſted in Hadleigh's character, and thought if the haughtineſs which predominated was only the ruſt of the Univerſity, it might

might ſoon rub off, and he become, as his good qualities intimated, a valuable member of ſociety:—but if ſo unfavourable a trait was in his nature, he feared time would confirm it; and in that caſe, did not particularly covet a further acquaintance.

Thus father and daughter were each in a ſerious mood, when they ſailed for Calais.

THE CONQUEST.

It was night when they ſailed, and Mary fell aſleep, but ſoon awakened with the moſt horrible ſickneſs, never having felt any half ſo ſevere, ſhe concluded ſhe was going to die, and with much devotion, endeavoured to reſign herſelf; all the aſſurance of

her friends that ſhe would be better in a few hours could not alter her opinion. Indeed, the concern they beheld her with, was not without ſome terrifying alarms; for ſhe became inſenſible, and really appeared more dead than alive, in which ſtate ſhe continued, till ſhe was carried on ſhore. Her fond father would gladly have ſuffered for her, and was loſt in grief till ſhe gave ſigns of recovery. Mrs. Maddel and Miſs Hadleigh paid her the greateſt attention, having fortunately eſcaped a ſimilar attack.

Mary, however, ſoon got better at Calais, but ſaid, ſhe dreaded returning leaſt ſhe ſhould be equally ill.

Mr. Godfrey hired a male and a female to accompany them to Paris, where they arrived ſafe, and engaged a furniſhed houſe for three months, a carriage and ſervants.

They

They had letters of introduction to perſons of the firſt faſhion,—Les Belles Angloiſes ſoon made innumerable conqueſts, the moſt particular of Mary's was the Chevalier de Beaumont, a young man who had ever ſhewn himſelf impetuous in his attachment.

In Mary ſeemed to center every charm he had ſeparately admired in others. He made her the offer of himſelf and fortune, but ſhe had more reaſons than one for declining the acceptance. His religion differed from that ſhe had been bred in; neither did her heart acknowledge him the choſen one.

The Chevalier was not eaſily to be repulſed, finding his own rhetoric fail, he engaged his ſiſter in his intereſt.—His ſiſter was the relict of the Marquis de Clairville, ſhe loved

her brother, and willingly complied with his requeſt, but in pleading the cauſe of love, ſhe attempted a ſubject to which ſhe was wholly a ſtranger.

The conſtitutional vivacity and ſenſibility of her coutrywomen, to the Marchioneſs were aliens. An impetuoſity which marked her brother's character, united in her's with arrogant pride, and a ſpirit of revenge not to be quelled.

Thus materially unqualified to ſpeak to a heart like Mary's, ſhe undertook the taſk; nay more, expected to ſucceed:— for who dare contradict the Marchioneſs de Clairville.

She urged her brother's rank, the elegance of his perſon, and laſt of all, *his love.*

Mary liſtened with the politeſt attention, but continued inflexible.

The Marchioneſs looked angry, and ſpoke ſo, when ſhe heard Mr. Godfrey ſecond his daughter's reſolutions; declaring he was a moſt unnatural father, to be ſo blind to her happineſs; but ſhe hoped Miſs Godfrey would ſoon elope with his Valet, to make him repent his conduct: with this *polite* wiſh, which made them ſmile, ſhe haughtily departed.

The Chevalier was little leſs enraged when he heard the reſult of his ſiſter's embaſſy; and poor Mary was no longer la Belle Angloiſe.

THE DUEL.

The Chevalier de Beaumont, had often thought his heart ſubdued, but never before ſo entirely decided the

point, as to offer his hand; of courſe a diſappointment in his firſt overtures wonderfully affected his pride; yet love, he ſtill found the prevailing ſentiment; ſometimes he thought to poſſeſs the object by forcibly carrying her off, but the buſineſs appeared impracticable; continually ſurrounded as ſhe was, by her father, Mrs. Maddel, and Miſs Hadleigh;—how could ſuch a ſcheme be effected?—*ſometimes* he determined to become a ſuppliant for her pity;— pride ſpurned the idea.

The Chevalier was in this anxious ſtate; but the Marchioneſs, a partner in his chagrin, was more active.

In her boſom reſentment was a familiar viſitant, and then took full poſſeſſion; her tongue grew buſy in detraction, with youth, innocence, and every protecting virtue,— Mary became

became the object of ſlander— it ſhot forth in half audible whiſpers, amongſt the circles ſhe entered.

Yet accuſtomed to obſervation on a far different account, ſhe was unheedful, and her partial friends ſtill thought the notice ſhe attracted, the uſual tribute to her charms. Thus unſuſpicious of injury, they felt none,— the ſhafts pointed by the Marchioneſs were deſtined to pierce her own breaſt.

The Chevalier being one night at an Opera, where Mr. Godfrey and his family made their appearance; the Count de Ferval, who was in the ſame box as the Chevalier, ſpoke in raptures of Miſs Godfrey's beauty, but ſhrugging his ſhoulders with much ſignificance, ſaid, "it was a pity ſo fair a face ſhould be a maſque for hypocriſy,"

The

The Chevalier enraged, desired an explanation.

The Count took snuff, and said, with great *sang froid*, "you know my dear Chevalier, I detest scandal, but it is confidently reported, Miss Godfrey committed a *faux pas* in her own country, and that her father brought her hither, to place her in a Convent; but her promises to be a good girl, and never do so any more, have occasioned him to relent, *c'est une affaire decidé*."

The Count might have proceeded: the Chevalier was dumb with passion, which soon roused him to punish the propagator of a report his soul rejected,— without hesitation he called him out, and the Chevalier received a wound from his antagonist, which rendered his life equivocal.

THE SELF DECEIVED.

When news was carried to the Marchioneſs de Clairville, that her brother was nearly killed in a duel; ſhe appeared a diſtracted being, for the affection ſhe bore him was the only good quality in her compoſition.

She raved that the murderer might be ſeized; but the Count de Ferval had naturally made his eſcape, after ſaying haſtily, "you may thank your ſiſter for this, on whoſe authority I ſpoke."

The Marchioneſs threw herſelf into her carriage, and drove to her brother's houſe: her ſurpriſe could only be equalled by her mortification, when ſhe was refuſed admittance;

tance; being told the ſurgeons expreſſly deſired he might ſee no company.

The Chevalier was too far incenſed againſt his ſiſter not to include her in the prohibition. Though in excruciating pain, he had both heard what the Count ſaid, and made reflections on the ſubject.

The ſurgeons pronounced him in danger, yet he could not believe he was going to die; on the contrary, found his ſpirits more of comfort than they had been for ſome time paſt; concluding the ſtep he had taken in defence of Miſs Godfrey's character, would recommend him more powerfully to her, than any thing he had hitherto ſaid, and conſequently, meet a more fortunate return.

Such

Such ideas from compoſing his mind, really aſſiſted his cure, and the ſurgeons ſoon recalled their unfavourable ſentence,

It became a ſubject of converſation that the Chevalier de Beaumont had been engaged in an affair of honour, and on what account.

Mary heard it, when his life was deſpaired of, in a public company :— to be at once the object of ſlander, and the cauſe of murder, ſhook her whole frame; her father ſupported her to the carriage, and they drove home.

Mary's emotions were ſo keen, and ſo ſuddenly excited, that the effects proved irreſiſtible; an alarming fever enſued.——

It was reported to the Chevalier, how materially Miſs Godfrey ſuffered from the news of his ſituation, and

and concern for her illneſs was entirely loſt in exceſſive joy.

He drew concluſions that Mary *loved* him, nay more, he recalled a hundred incidents which corroborated the idea, notwithſtanding the repulſes he had met. So buſy is the imagination in purſuing a favorite prepoſſeſſion, when, five minutes ſound reaſoning, would reduce it to a viſion.

The Chevalier's mode of thinking proved ſerviceable towards eſtabliſhing his recovery.

During his illneſs the Marchioneſs had prevailed on him to ſee her, but he told her, a reconciliation was conditional;—the terms preſcribed were,—that ſhe contradicted her unjuſt aſperſions, wherever ſhe had been guilty of them; and by a diſtinguiſhing reſpect to Miſs Godfrey, evince

evince a conſciouſneſs of having acted wrong. Hard ſubmiſſions for the Marchioneſs de Clairville; but the alternative of relinquiſhing her brother's ſociety was more dreadful.

THE MISTAKE CONTINUED.

Mr. Godfrey experienced a fortnight of the ſevereſt affliction,—his beloved Mary reduced from glowing health to the bed of ſickneſs; and by ſuch cauſes as ſhe could never have known at Godfrey Cottage. He was not apt to repine, but under ſuch circumſtances, could he avoid regretting that peaceful retreat.

Mrs. Maddel wiſhed too they had never left it; and weeping over Mary, would pray, a form ſo ill prepared for adverſity might in future,

ture, ſhould heaven ſpare her life, be guarded from its attacks.——Miſs Hadleigh was indefagitable in her attendance on the invalid, and in her exertions to ſupport her friends.

The more ſhe knew of Mary, the more ſhe prized her; finding in her compoſition, latent ſparks of the brighteſt virtues, which, as her character grew more confirmed, daily illumined it.

Conſtance had been diſappointed in a tenderer ſentiment, but ſhe hoped in her friendſhip for Mary, where the baſis ſeemed ſo ſecure, to be perfectly happy.

Mary's recovery at length rewarded their united care and anxiety; gratitude and joy reſounded through the houſe.

The Chevalier and his ſiſter were amongſt the firſt to make their congratulations

gratulations. The Marchioneſs in going, certainly ſacrificed to her brother's wiſhes, but *he* paid the viſit with alacrity; ſecure in having obliged the family, and firmly believing Mary was attached to him, which ideas increaſing, the Chevalier's natural aſſurance did not ſet him off to the beſt advantage.

Mary on her part experienced a kind of horror, at the ſight of him; was it not aſſaſſination to attempt the life of a fellow creature? was he not liable himſelf to ruſh into eternity, with all his unrepented errors on his head?—Such were Mary's thoughts, yet ſhe knew the world decided her an obliged party, and though ſhe could not be cordial, endeavoured to be civil.

The

The Chevalier was neither elated or diſcontented with his reception; thinking time alone was requiſite to accompliſh his hopes.

A DENOUEMENT.

The three months Mr Godfrey propoſed ſtaying at Paris were juſt expired; and he found his party no more inclined than himſelf to prolong the time.

The late unpleaſant buſineſs had ſomewhat given them a *degoût* to the place, and they likewiſe wiſhed to perform the journey, whilſt the weather was tolerable, as winter approached with haſty ſtrides.

The Chevalier hearing this intention, renewed his offers, and *renewed* them as a man certain of ſucceſs.

He

He deſcribed to Mary the felicity he experienced on receiving ſo pointed a mark of her regard, ſo tender a proof of her ſenſibility, as the illneſs, his being wounded had occaſioned.

Mary ſtarted to have her ſufferings ſo conſtrued.

The Chevalier ſaw her confuſed, and called it a charming embarraſſment, that confirmed his happineſs more than words.

Mary then ſaw the neceſſity of ſpeaking.

"Indeed ſir," ſaid ſhe, "*I am embarraſſed*, but it is on a different account from what you ſuppoſe.

"It is true you were wounded, and I was ſuddenly ſeized with a violent illneſs, but had ſuch been the fate of your antagoniſt, my ſenſations would have been the ſame."

"I

"I found blood was ſhed, and myſelf the cauſe; from having my fame aſperſed.

"Theſe were the ſhocks, ſir, that overwhelmed me; had I felt the partiality you attribute to me, I would before have accepted the offer with which you honoured me; but I refuſed them; I do the ſame now, for my reaſons which I formerly gave you are unconquerable; yet I thank you, and wiſh you happy."

Mary ſpoke too energetic for the Chevalier to remain deceived: making a low bow, he haſtily withdrew.

Mary had indeed made an exertion againſt her natural timidity, in ſpeaking her ſentiments ſo deciſively, yet ſhe did not feel diſpleaſed with herſelf; and Mrs. Maddel was charmed on the occaſion, ſaying, "Preſence of mind, to do away vain

vain ſurmiſes, was both a proper and a ſerviceable companion through life."

A renewal of the Chevalier's addreſſes, was what Mr. Godfrey expected; and as he could not, whilſt he ſtaid at Paris, diſcourage the viſits of one, who had publicly declared himſelf a friend to the family; he was extremely glad they were going.

He was pleaſed with his daughter for having been ſo explicit, and ſmiled at the Chevalier's vanity,—leaving him to chuſe a new ſubject for it,—Mr. Godfrey's party returned to England.

THE PENITENT.

Mary dreaded the pacquet, but did not ſuffer ſo acutely as before.

With infinite ſatisfaction they arrived in Pall Mall.

Mrs. Mordant thought time had ambled in the abſence of her daughter, and joyfully ſurveyed her both in health and ſpirits.

Mrs. Mordant told Conſtance ſhe had received a letter for her the day before, and gave it to her; but when ſhe looked at the ſuperſcription, it ſhook in her hand like an aſpin leaf; they were well known characters.

She durſt not truſt herſelf to open it in company; therefore hurried out of the room to break the ſeal, and then read one word for another, yet decyphered the ſubjects were penitence and love; ſigned, Charles Mansfield.

Conſtance could have read for ever, but checked herſelf: prudence bid her beware of deluſive hopes; whilſt

love was gratified, and the pleaſing emotions which filled her heart ſeemed to compenſate all its late inquietudes.

When Conſtance re-entered the room, her friends perceived ſhe had not been diſſatisfied with her letter; indeed Mrs. Mordant partly gueſſed the contents.

She well knew, as did Mr. Mordant, an attachment had ſubſiſted between her daughter and Mr. Mansfield; and though reaſons appeared for breaking it, they perceived in a viſit, Mansfield had lately paid, he was very deeply intereſted in her happineſs, yet doubt ſeemed to injure his hopes.

It was an alliance rather to be coveted: Mr. Mansfield then enjoying a large fortune in right of his mother with the proſpect of inheriting his

father's (Sir Robert Mansfield's) title and eſtate.——Beſides theſe advantages, he was handſome, accompliſhed, and very happy in his character.

Miſs Hadleigh's friends had wondered ſhe rejected ſo eligible an offer: and eſpecially after ſymptoms of encouragement, but her manners were in general every way ſo unimpeachable, none took upon them to cenſure.

As it has been hinted before, the fault was not on her ſide.

Miſs Hadleigh after the moſt particular attention, received from Mr. Mansfield ſome proofs of indifference, which her ſincerity and delicacy could not brook.

Convinced of her regard, he neglected to evince his; till at length ſhe concluded he ceaſed to feel any, and treated him as he merited,

by

by aſſuring him, the change in his conduct, had *changed* her ſentiments.

The gentleman was ſomewhat piqued; ſhe did not love his very foibles, and to wear an unconcern, roved from fair to fair, betraying no inclination of fixing; which mode he was purſuing when Miſs Hadleigh went on a viſit to Windſor, from whence ſhe returned the day after Mr. Godfrey's family arrived in London; about that time Mr. Mansfield went to Bath, nor viſited London again, till a week before Conſtance came from France.

Not ſeeing her, and hearing from his acquaintance which met her in company, that ſhe appeared in health and ſpirits, he concluded, as an object wholly unworthy of conſideration, ſhe had totally forgotten him.

The happineſs he had forfeited, glared before him in the ſtrongeſt colours; he would have graſped it, but it ſeemed unattainable; a perpetual uneaſineſs preyed on his health; no longer able to ſupport it, without ſome exertions for relief, he called in Pall Mall.

Mrs. Mordant was ſhocked at the alteration in Mansfield's looks. He ſaid, "he was ill, and unleſs he could recall the regard with which Miſs Hadleigh once honoured him, he ſhould never be better."

Mrs. Mordant ſmiled, at his earneſtneſs, and ſaid, "he had her permiſſion to proceed, as his heart dictated, being perſuaded, her daughter would act with propriety." So far encouraged, he went home and penned the letter Conſtance received;

the

the contents of which kept her waking the whole night.

In the morning ſhe told her mother, what from an unwillingneſs to have Mansfield blamed, ſhe had till then concealed and intreated her advice.

The happineſs of ſo amiable a child, was naturally Mrs. Mordant's firſt object; ſhe feared on renewing her acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, ſhe might expoſe herſelf to a ſecond ſhock from his inconſtancy, perhaps ſeverer than the firſt; but ſhe ſaw Conſtance diſpoſed to believe him ſincere; and gave advice the moſt aſſimilative to her daughter's ſentiments, upon which Mr. Mansfield was invited to Pall Mall.

THE INTERVIEW.

Between Conſtance and Mary there were few reſerves; but Conſtance from wiſhing to avoid a ſubject, ſhe hoped wholly to forget, had never mentioned Mansfield to her young friend, till the proſpect of a reconciliation induced her; and Mary unfeignedly wiſhed their meeting might be productive of every good.

Conſtance anxiouſly waited the hour of his arrival, but did not wait long; being prepared to ſee him, ſhe checked the emotions of joy which aroſe, rather chuſing to witneſs his, than betray her own; a ſatisfaction ſhe fully experienced; he

he thanked her for her condeſcenſion, and ſaid, "he had never taſted happineſs from the moment of their ſeparation, till that hour."

Mansfield remained the whole day in Pall Mall.

Mary much approved her friend's choice, but did not think him ſo handſome as William Hadleigh.

At Chriſtmas Hadleigh was to join his family, and they were all to paſs that ſeaſon with Mr. Godfrey, at Hampton; wherefore Mary anticipated a very happy Chriſtmas.

Mr. Godfrey, Mary and Mrs. Maddel took leave of their friends in London, in order to occupy their new reſidence at Hampton, whither they drove with great ſatisfaction, thinking to be more tranquilly ſituated, than they had been for ſome months paſt.

Mary was concerned too at parting from Miſs Hadleigh, but ſhe left her happy, and engaged her correſpondence.

Before the carriage turned into the avenue that led to the houſe, they obſerved the cottage in which Mary had fixed the fidler and his wife. It was rendered conſpicuous by large characters over the door, ſignifying, "Muſick was furniſhed on reaſonable terms."

Mary laughed aloud, and Mr. Godfrey ſmiled, but ſaid, "he feared Bob minded his fiddle more than purſuits of a profitable nature."

Mary would have ſtopped, yet wiſhing to get home, deferred her viſit till next day.

The domeſticks rejoiced to ſee the family arrive; Matthew ſaid, "he began to fear one of the Monſieurs would

would ſnatch up his young Miſtreſs, but he hoped, ſince ſhe returned ſafe, to ſee her the lady of ſome honeſt Engliſh 'ſquire:—" Mary thanked him for his good wiſhes, knowing they were the effuſions of an affectionate well-meaning heart.

Matthew at Godfrey Cottage, was ſteward, butler, groom and footman; but at Godfrey Hall, he was appointed ſteward only.

BENEVOLENCE ABUSED.

The enquiries Mr. Godfrey made of Matthew concerning the eſtate, were anſwered in every reſpect to his wiſhes. There were four houſes on it, beſides his own reſidence, occu-

pied by very reſpectable tenants; the cottages Matthew ſaid, "were moſtly inhabited by honeſt pains-taking people." Mr. Godfrey remarked the word *moſtly*, and aſked which of his inferior tenants was leaſt worthy of praiſe.

Matthew ſcratched his pate, his ſentiments, though unpoliſhed, did honour to his heart; he rather choſe to ſpeak the good he knew than the evil, therefore inſtead of giving his maſter a direct anſwer, ſaid, "Tom Clarke was a ſober fellow, would work for his family till he dropped. Dame Higgins was a worthy old body, and ready to ſhare her morſel with any poor wretch that wanted. He named ſome others, whilſt Mary liſtened attentively for the name of Jenkins, amongſt thoſe he commended, but not hearing it

ſhe

ſhe had ſome doubts, and aſked Matthew at once how the fidler and his wife went on; which drew from him what he rather wiſhed ſhould be diſcovered than he communicate; but that pity might ſoften anger, he firſt ſaid, "the poor woman was *mortal bad*;" and then hinted the huſband's drunkenneſs and extravagance had deſtroyed her health; that he had diſpoſed of the pigs and poultry, and would have done the ſame by the cow, but Matthew added, "he prevented that by taking it away, and had given Mrs. Jenkins the value of it, for the ſupport of herſelf and child."

Mary thanked him for ſo good a thought, and aſked him how Jenkins diſpoſed of the money, if not in maintaining his family: —— O! Madam, returned he, "Bob ſpent it

it on idle company, which meet on evenings to dance to his fiddle: I called there once when they were in the midſt of their rampant doings."

Bob ſaid, "if I would not tell their honours, I ſhould dance with the handſomeſt girl amongſt them, upon which the wenches came round me, each ſwearing I ſhould be her partner, ſaying, "I looked too good natured to ſpoil their fun: it was no fun to me though, for if I muſt exerciſe my old bones, I thought it better to run by myſelf, than keep pace with their freakiſh hops, ſo made my eſcape; and have taken care to keep out of the way ever ſince; but all my fear is, they will dance Mrs. Jenkins into her grave, for ſhe can ſcarcely hold her head up, and has often ſaid, ſhe hoped to die rather than meet the eyes of her gene-

rous

rous benefactors; however, she is not to blame."

Mary was glad to hear Matthew's conclusion in favour of Mrs. Jenkins, but grieved her husband had so reversed their intentions, and that her health should suffer from his ill conduct.

"My dear child," said Mr. Godfrey, "let not the example given by Jenkins, deaden your compassionate feelings: the goodness of your motives must now be your consolation, and another time you may be rewarded by the worth and gratitude of those you serve."

A SOLEMN PROMISE.

The gentle pity that resided in Mary's bosom, found too charming

a ſociety of ſiſter virtues to be eaſily diſlodged, and rouſing her to comfort the afflicted Mrs. Jenkins, ſhe ſallied forth with Mrs. Maddel for the humane purpoſe.

They found the poor woman quite as ill as Matthew had repreſented, and much abaſhed at their preſence.

Mary would not have ſuffered her to repeat her grievances, but ſhe dwelt on them, fearful they ſhould think her any way acceſſary to her huſband's conduct.

She talked much of dying, and with a reſignation which greatly affected her viſitors. "Her trials," ſhe ſaid, "had been, and were ſtill ſevere, ſhe firſt exchanged a parent's roof where plenty reigned, and authority was loſt in tenderneſs for roofleſs poverty, in which ſhe was attacked by

by cold and hunger, and ſubject to that *authority* which no kind ſentiment ever ſoftened: laſtly, though the means of eaſe were generouſly given her, they were daſhed from her, and ſickneſs rendered her leſs able than ever to combat with difficulties; but I believe," added Mrs. Jenkins, "I am not long for this world; leaving my child is the pang which moſt rends my heart, my ſufferings I endure as the juſt reward of Heaven, for my diſobedience; and am thankful to meet it *here*, that I may hope for reſt *hereafter*."

Mrs. Maddel and Mary aſſiſted every thought that ſeemed to ſolace, but bid her think of life and better days.

"I cannot live," ſhe repeated, and falling on her knees implored their protection for her child.

"Save

"Save her from want," exclaimed the ſuppliant mother, "ſave her from guilt, and may the dear innocent never know the pangs which tear me from her."

"Spare me, *ſpare* me," cried Mary weeping, "I feel your pangs, *may heaven love me as I protect your child.*" Theſe words conveyed all Mrs. Jenkins wiſhed to hear, ſhe was comforted, but ſuddenly her agitation returned on another account.

She heard her huſband enter the outer room, with one of his companions,— "now Will," ſaid he, "I'll give you peas upon a trencher, if you will bear a bob with that there fife of your's; but here Bett," added he with a horſe laugh, "can you give us any bacon to our *peas*, come ſet what the cupboard affords before

fore my friend;" finding his wife did not come at the boiſterous call, he puſhed the door which was not quite ſhut, and perceived her company, at which he rather ſeemed confounded, but ſoon recovering, aſked the ladies if they choſe a tune.

Mary turned her head aſide diſguſted, ſhe could not frame her tongue to reproaches, neither could Mrs. Maddel, who mildly ſaid, "you are not aware how very ill your wife is, treat her I beſeech you with more kindneſs; as you conſider her, you will be conſidered by her friends."

Mrs. Maddel was of opinion, a ſpoonful of honey would catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

AN INCREASE OF FAMILY AT GODFREY HALL.

Mary when ſhe returned home, told her father the ſolemn promiſe ſhe had given Mrs. Jenkins, to protect her child; "had you ſeen, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "the mother's agony, and the little innocent's tears, which flowed becauſe her mother wept, you would, as I did, have utter d the firſt words of comfort which aroſe."

Mr. Godfrey thought no apology neceſſary for his daughter's conduct, he not only approved, but gloried in it.

"As the tender oſier firſt was faſhioned, ſo it grew." From her earlieſt dawn he inculcated virtue—

he

he then ſaw that virtue active, and was tranſcendantly happy.

Mary could not propoſe carrying the child home, while her mother's health was in ſuch a precarious ſtate, though neither Mr. Godfrey or herſelf, approved of Betſy's witneſſing her father's actions, or hearing his language ;— but Mrs. Maddel ſaid, "from the appearance of Mrs. Jenkins a change would moſt probably take place in a very ſhort time, when their little charge might be removed without giving her pain."

Mrs. Maddel foretold true, for about a fortnight after, notwithſtanding the moſt ſkilful advice Mary could procure, and every perſonal attention, the poor woman was taken to a better world.

The child without delay, was removed to Godfrey Hall, under an idea

idea her mother ſlept; but finding ſhe was not to ſee her again, the little creature pined exceſſively, till the tenderneſs ſhe met with gave a turn to her thoughts.

Jenkins expreſſed ſome concern for the loſs of his wife, but rejoiced Betſy was in ſuch good quarters.

Mr. Godfrey had the conſideration to forgive him the rent due, and even adviſed him to reform, and remain his tenant; Bob turned a deaf ear, for converting the little he had left into ready caſh, he took his fiddle and ſet out on his former rambles.

THE NEIGHBOURS.

Mr. Godfrey's family had the pleaſure to find they enjoyed every advantage

vantage they propoſed, at Hampton, both as to ſituation and ſociety.

Mary who was partial to the exerciſe of riding on horſeback, thought ſhe had never ſeen more beautiful rides; in which her father and ſelf, were frequently joined by a moſt amiable young lady, niece to one of Mr. Godfrey's tenants.

Mr. Barrington lived in a ſtyle of comfort more than elegance; he made no acquaintance but with thoſe whoſe characters intereſted him; he ſoon heard a very pleaſing one of his new landlord, and without heſitation accompanied his niece to Godfrey Hall.

There was a hearty plainneſs in Mr. Barrington's manner, that infinitely recommended him to Mr. Godfrey; and Harriot Worſley proved equally prepoſſeſſing to Mary; conſe-

conſequently an intimacy commenced between the families.

Several others very agreeable, welcomed their new neighbours.—— The viſitors they were leaſt pleaſed with, were Mr. and Mrs. Carter, their ſon Auguſtus, and their daughter Wilhelmina.

This family reſided in an immenſe building, deſtitute of either form or regularity, encloſed by a confined garden, poſſeſſing both thoſe properties to an irkſome degree.

Mr. Carter had gained ſome years back twenty thouſand pounds by the Lottery, after receiving five thouſand with his wife, and making twice that ſum as a Tobacconiſt. Thus ſucceſsful, the ſon was bred a puppy, the daughter a fine lady, and he built a country ſeat.

Mrs. Carter thought herſelf happy in being enabled to purſue the *high* and *refined* notions ſhe caught at a boarding ſchool, at H———; and congratulated herſelf that ſhe had given her children ſuch names as would not diſgrace the rank they were advanced to.

Mrs. Carter had learnt of her huſband to eſtimate rank by golden weights; and knowing Mr. Godfrey's Eſtate, muſt have coſt him ſome thouſands, drew the balance in his favour.

The Carters, therefore, determined to viſit at Godfrey Hall,— accordingly in a flaming equipage, on which the arms, after deep inveſtigation, were blazoned in a mantle, they made their approach.

SATIRE CONDEMNED.

The Carters after a formal viſit, in which cards were introduced as a happy reſource, made their exit.

"What a contraſt," ſaid Mr. Godfrey, "are the ſtudied ceremonious manners of theſe people, to the unaffected ſimplicity that reigns in Mr Barrington, and his charming niece."

"I do not know," ſaid Mrs. Maddel, "whether the whole group is moſt entitled to pity or contempt."

"I fear," ſaid Mary, "I am moſt inclined to favour them with the latter; pity does not provoke laughter, and I own, during their ſtay, my riſible faculties have ſuffered ſevere reſtraint; the ſurlineſs of the old

old don, attempts at ſentiment affectedly uttered by the lady, the comments of her daughter, and puppyiſm of the ſon, certainly formed a moſt amuſing ſcene."

Theſe were the ſevereſt obſervations Mary had ever been known to make; her father and monitreſs having ever condemned ſatirical ſallies, as ſymptoms of a diſpoſition offenſive to ſociety; the ſatiriſt they allowed might ſometimes create a laugh, but ſeldom failed to inſpire averſion.

However a line was to be drawn between that ſpirit of ridicule, deforming a worthy character, and a vein of pleaſantry that only ſmiled at follies, without attempting to laſh them.

Thus Mary entertained herſelf rather at the expence of their late viſitors,

ſitors, though ſhe would have ſpurned the idea of giving pain to an individual.

It is certain Mr. Carter maintained a gravity bordering on moroſeneſs, that his wife called *conſcious dignity*, and when he anſwered a queſtion, after three times aſking, was loſt in wonder at his condeſcenſion: yet he was a good huſband, ſo far as adminiſtering to her vanity, both reſpecting herſelf and children, might inſure him that title.

Mrs. Carter retained at the age of forty, the flippancy of an inferior boarding ſchool education, from which ſchool, in her eighteenth year, ſhe had been taken by her parents to be married to Mr. Carter.

Deſtitute of every eſſential qualification, ſhe became the mother of a family.

Had

Had folly *only* prevailed in the parents, ſomething better might have been expected from the offspring.

But whilſt the ſelfiſh beings would expend thouſands in attaining that ſituation they muſt ever diſgrace, they would withhold the intrinſic value of the widow's mite, when the neceſſities of a fellow creature required it, and as if indigence was infectious, would haughtily turn their heads from every inſtance.

Mr. Auguſtus Carter's prevailing foible, was unbounded love and admiration for his own perſon. Wilhelmina poſſeſſed a ſet of features as handſome as they could be devoid of meaning, for her mind was a *vacuum*, and like moſt perſons deſtitute of proper *reſources*, ſhe was prone to miſchief.

THE DECISION.

Mary was agreeably relieved after the reception of ſuch gueſts, by a letter from Miſs Hadleigh.

To Miſs Godfrey,

"So early a proof of my dear Mary's attention, could not fail to give the ſincereſt ſatisfaction, and think me moſt ungrateful in ſo long delaying an anſwer.

"Not being perfectly acquainted myſelf, which ſentiment of my mind would predominate, I would not infect you with the ſuſpenſe I ſuffered.

"Forgive me then, and pray, the happineſs I have now in view, may not

not fly when it ſeems neareſt; and ſuddenly ſubſtitute a diſappointment, that even in anticipation ſickens me.

"I have conſented to beſtow my hand where my affections have been long engaged.

"Since our laſt meeting, Mr. Mansfield's manners have been unexceptionable.

"He ſoon ſolicited a confirmation of thoſe hopes I once authorized; but ſeeing me heſitate, in doubtful embarraſſment he exclaimed,—

"I ſee, Conſtance, your confidence is forfeited, you believe me incapable of ſincerity, and conſequently deſpiſe me."

"I aſſured him I believed his reſolutions ſincere, and only feared the performance of them might be counteracted.

"It would be tedious, my dear Mary, to relate the illuſtrations of his arguments and mine; ſuffice it to ſay, he waited ſome days for the reſult of the opinions he took wonderful pains to inſpire, and not, I believe, as one without hope; as my father and mother clearly intereſted themſelves in his cauſe. This I had the penetration to diſcover, and though oppoſition with numerous difficulties, may charmingly aſſiſt affairs of the heart, I find my prepoſſeſſions ſufficiently ſtrong, without ſuch incitements.

"After this frank confeſſion, you cannot be ſurpriſed, I am inclined to diſcard miſtruſt with all its train of diſquiets, placing in lieu *hope*; which, like wine gladdens man's heart, and more than oil, makes him of a chearful countenance.

You

"You may judge we are at preſent a very happy party, but as every felicity in this life admits of addition, our's would be increaſed if Godfrey Hall, or rather its dear inhabitants were nine or ten miles nearer. The diſtance, however, will not prevent us meeting in a very ſhort time, as we mean to paſs a few days at Hampton next week, and if poſſible to draw you as long from the charms of your new ſituation, which I am highly pleaſed are ſo numerous; Mr. Barrington and Miſs Worſley are characters worthy to aſſiſt in forming your circle; tell Mrs. Maddel and Mr. Godfrey I am affectionately theirs, and accept yourſelf, every good wiſh from

Conſtance Hadleigh."

THE ANSWER.

"You have, my dear Conſtance, awakened every affectionate ſentiment that makes the friendſhip I bear you.

"Each forming itſelf into tender wiſhes and fearful anxieties, which to the deeply intereſted muſt be familiar; may approving heaven ſanctify the ſtate you are going to enter, and by transfuſing every bleſſing, render it completely happy.

"You have taught me for the firſt time in my life, to think ſeriouſly of ſuch an union.

"To me it appears an awful change, I wonder Conſtance if it is one I ſhall ever be induced to covet; at preſent

I view it as a ſituation eligible for you, and all thoſe who have ſympathetic feelings ſuch as you poſſeſs; but for myſelf, every thought of my heart binds me more cloſely to my father.

"But a truce with this gravity, my dear Conſtance *is* going to be happy; and not one too ſerious idea ſhall prevent my participation. I inſiſt on being bride's-maid, and reſolve to dance and ſing, to the utmoſt of my abilities.

"I am delighted we are to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you next week, and hope Mr. Mansfield, whom we now conſider as one of the family, will be of the party.

"You ſhall be introduced to Miſs Worſley, who is really deſerving your friendſhip; ſhe is almoſt my conſtant companion.

"I am ſorry to ſay ſo amiable a girl is not entirely happy.

"Harriot Worſley's parents dying when ſhe was a child, ſhe has reſided with her uncle; as a father he claims her love and duty, and as ſuch poſſeſſes them.

"At this time ſhe is addreſſed by a gentleman appearing every way worthy of her, and far more than equivalent in in point of fortune.

"Yet Harriot cannot approve him, at moſt if ſhe approves, cannot love, and ſeeing her uncle's heart in the match, ſhe is grieved to withhold her's.

"Thus neither with a ſufficient regard to accept Mr. Conway, or courage to reject him, ſhe is in a very diſagreeable predicament.

"Mrs. Maddel is of opinion, ſhe has ſome attachment ſhe dares not own,

as

as the moſt rational way, ſhe can account for the refuſal of ſo advantageous an offer.

"But with me, the plea of not feeling the ſuperior affection the caſe requires, would be ſufficient.

"Mr. Conway, it is ſaid, might go further with better ſucceſs. Miſs Carter having both languiſhed and dreſſed at the identical gentleman; indeed I thought the other night ſhe endeavoured to attract his notice, but it was a fruitleſs effort,— he is at all times wholly engroſſed by Miſs Worſley.

"I think you are much obliged to me, for tranſmitting the billing and cooing of our neighbourhood; and hope in return, you will favour me with ſome account of your own, which truſt me, I ſhall think far more

more intereſting, than any in the world beſides, being,

unfeignedly your's,

Mary Godfrey."

EFFECTS OF LOVE.

At the time propoſed Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, Miſs Hadleigh and Mr. Mansfield, appeared at Godfrey Hall.

The day after they arrived they were joined by William Hadleigh, who had not intended quitting the univerſity till Chriſtmas; but after his laſt viſit to London, he had experienced a degree of reſtleſſneſs that even interrupted his ſtudies, and at length determined him to relinquiſh

quiſh the confinement of a college life, two months earlier than the time appointed.

On his arrival in Pall Mall he was not diſpleaſed to hear the good folks were all at Hampton, and immediately followed them.

He had given his mother and Mr. Mordant ſome reaſon to expect him in London, therefore they were not much ſurpriſed to ſee him.

To Mary he was a gueſt ſhe leaſt thought of receiving, which her countenance expreſſed by roſy bluſhes.

She frankly acknowledged a great ſatisfaction, and even felt more than ſhe expreſſed.

Hadleigh ſaw an attention in Mary that raiſed his wonder and admiration.

A few months in the world had adorned her with every grace, a mixture

ture in the politeſt circles could beſtow.

The moſt perfect eaſe, accompanied by modeſty, confirmed her at once the woman of ſentiment and faſhion.

After the parting at Dover, Hadleigh made a diſcovery that Miſs Godfrey had imperceptibly ſtolen into his good graces, but at Hampton her perfections flaſhed on his view, like the penetrating rays of the ſun, whilſt they dazzled, melted; and his heart, little addicted to ſurrender, was no longer in his own poſſeſſion.

Unconſcious of the conqueſt, Mary by every action made it more indiſputable.

As the brother of her dear Conſtance, ſhe thought him intitled to a clear diſtinction. She continually

adverted to him in converſation, paying a deference to his opinion, that highly gratified him.

His manners were more encouraging than before.

Love indeed had done away the only foible that ſhaded his character; in ſtudying to pleaſe he forgot to be haughty; and Mary beheld him a perfect object.

The Mordant party were only to ſtay a week at Hampton, which was juſt expired; Miſs Worſley had till then been engaged; but Mary made a point of introducing her to her valued friends, and the day before their departure, induced her to come to Godfrey Hall.

THE HASTY BILLET.

Miſs Worſley entered the drawing room, but caſting her eyes around, haſtily retreated in the utmoſt confuſion.

Mary followed, but could not prevail on her to aſſign any other cauſe than ſudden illneſs; rather ſeeming to dread reſtraint, ſhe precipitately got into the carriage and drove home, upon which Mary in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment returned to her company, which conſiſted of ſome others, beſides her particular friends.

Hadleigh was ſtanding with his face to the window, in which poſture he remained immovable ſome minutes; then ſuddenly turning round,

round, ſaid he would ride to London that afternoon.

Mary changed colour,—a whole train of ideas ruſhed at once on her mind. It appeared evident from the diſorder of each party, Mr. Hadleigh and Miſs Worſley were no ſtrangers to each other.

What Mrs. Maddel had ſuſpected of a latent attachment in Harriot, ſeemed evinced in "confirmation ſtrong, as proofs of holy writ;" and Mary without knowing ſhe loved, became a prey to jealouſy.

Hadleigh ſet off for London, in leſs than an hour after.

After his departure a general ſilence prevailed, till Mr. Godfrey broke it, by propoſing an enquiry ſhould be ſent after Miſs Worſley's health; upon which his daughter retired, and wrote the following billet.

"I hope my dear Miſs Worſley you are better.

"Forgive me, if I do not exactly impute your ſudden diſorder to *indiſpoſition*,— but what may appear a myſtery, I am perſuaded you will, if poſſible, ſolve to clear the doubts which now diſtract

Mary Godfrey."

This was no ſooner diſpatched than Mary revolved the words ſhe had written,—"heavens!" exclaimed ſhe, "what have I done? wherefore am I diſtracted? wherefore ſhould I urge an explanation, that perhaps cannot be granted without an infinity of pain?"

She would have recalled the meſſenger, but he was too far on his road.

Unable to diſſemble, her friends beheld her agitated, and, from not knowing the variety of emotions which

which diſcompoſed her, concluded ſhe was ill; of courſe were extremely uneaſy.

Their ſolicitude was a new diſtreſs, every thing had the air of increaſing her perplexity.

The meſſenger returned from Miſs Worſley, and Mary for the firſt time in her life, wiſhed a reſerve from her father, eagerly flying to prevent his ſeeing the note; but the anſwer was only verbal, that Miſs Worſley was much better, and hoped to ſee her ſoon.

THE MISCONSTRUCTION.

Mary paſſed a night of inquietude and impatience; wiſhing the return of day, and even *wiſhing* the departure

ure of her friends, that ſhe might call on Miſs Worſley; for as they propoſed leaving Hampton that day, ſhe could not leave home till they were gone.

Mary had reſiſted their intreaties to accompany them; but promiſed to viſit London with her father a fortnight before Chriſtmas; ſaying, "they might return in one party to Godfrey Hall, at that ſeaſon."

Such were her feelings at this criſis, that ſhe parted from *Conſtance* devoid of regret.

Miſs Hadleigh was under infinite concern; ſhe beheld her young friend clouded by an anxiety that ſeemed to overwhelm her, nor could ſhe develope the cauſe. For Mary not wholly acquainted with it herſelf, was ill qualified for a communication.

She

She knew indeed ſhe had written a very ridiculous note to Miſs Worſley, and thought if any of her friends were to peruſe it, ſhe ſhould die with confuſion. She rather dreaded meeting the eyes of the perſon it was addreſſed to; but an irreſiſtible impulſe hurried her to Mr. Barrington.

She found Miſs Worſley alone and rather dejected.

"I am come," ſaid Mary, "to plead guilty of exceſſive rudeneſs, but entreat your pardon, and that you will burn the note I wrote yeſterday."

Miſs Worſley ſeeing her extremely earneſt in her requeſt, complied, but the contents were engraved on her memory: convincing her that Miſs Godfrey imputed her late confuſion, to the right cauſe, and that Mr. Hadleigh was her favoured admirer.

Miſs

Miſs Worſley was far from being at eaſe, and by no means of a diſpoſition to trifle with the emotions of a friend.

In this interview Mary reſiſted an explanation, as much as ſhe had before urged one—delicacy ſurmounted curioſity—but Miſs Worſley determined to gratify the latter, not wondering her conduct had inſpired it.

"Laſt ſummer," ſaid ſhe, "I paſſed ſome months with an elderly lady, in Oxfordſhire, to whom I am related; during my reſidence with her, I was acquainted with a young lady who received the addreſſes of a gentleman of the Univerſity.

Mr. Oldfield was accompanied in his viſits to Miſs Summers by Mr. Hadleigh; I being a diſengaged perſon, he could ſcarcely avoid thoſe attentions I fooliſhly deemed *particular*;

cular; and Miſs Summers, for her own purpoſes, encouraged me in a weakneſs I now bluſh at.

"In rendering me attentive to Mr. Hadleigh, ſhe increaſed her own opportunities of converſing with his friend, from whoſe authority ſhe aſſured me, I was regarded in a very partial light; by this I was much flattered, and further willing to believe what pleaſed, was perfectly impoſed on from time to time by the plauſible tales ſhe invented; but fortunately for me, ſhe happened to boaſt of the amuſement my credulity afforded her, to ſome perſon who kindly wrote me an anonymous letter; which, upon comparing impartially with Mr. Hadleigh's conduct, entirely convinced me I was egregiouſly miſtaken.

"Shrinking from his obſervation, I returned, without ſeeing him, to my uncle.

"Soon after I became acquainted with Mr. Conway, whoſe behaviour from manner and ſituation is totally unequivocal.

"I confeſs I have been betrayed into a partiality that has hitherto rendered me indifferent, where I have great reaſon to be otherwiſe; but, I hope in time to become worthy of the diſintereſted affection I have inſpired, and gratify my kind uncle by complying with his wiſhes;—yet never, till I have conquered every prepoſſeſſion in which Mr. Conway is not concerned, will I conſent to become his wife."

"You cannot be ſurpriſed, my dear Miſs Godfrey, after this relation, at my emotions on ſeeing Mr. Had-

leigh at your houſe, though I am ſorry I could not ſo far overcome them to meet him as your friend; I found I could not and hurried home; for ſo it is if we are once involved in difficulties of a delicate nature, they become more and more intricate, till time and reaſon, by a grand exertion, ſurmounts them."

This frank, ingenuous confeſſion, gave Mary the higheſt opinion of Miſs Worſley's heart and underſtanding, and quite accounted for *her* conduct; but Hadleigh's ſtill remained inexplicable.

Was he ſo void of blame as Harriot repreſented him,— wherefore his confuſion?— and why did he ſhun an opportunity of ſeeing her again?

It was a buſineſs ſhe felt no right to inveſtigate, yet ſhe certainly took

an intereſt in it, that whilſt ſhe condemned ſhe could not repulſe.

THE EXPLANATION CORROBORATED.

In leſs than a week Mary received a letter from Miſs Hadleigh.

To Miſs GODFREY.

"I left you, my dear Mary, in a viſible ſtate of uneaſineſs; I find I was too ſanguine in ſuppoſing I poſſeſſed your entire confidence, yet I am not offended; I know it is poſſible to have ſome reſerves from thoſe we love, without a diminution of affection.

"When I returned home I interrogated my brother concerning his haſty departure from Godfrey Hall.

"He

"He assigned a reason I little suspected,— he said, Miss Worsley was a lady he made a point of not seeing; he had been acquainted with her in Oxfordshire, and was accused of having injured her happiness, but felt innocent of any such intention, declaring no symptoms of partiality had escaped him, beyond those an amiable young woman commonly inspires: however, he was credibly informed, a lady who pretended friendship, assisted her in contrary ideas, of which, he apprized her in a manner he thought least painful to delicacy, and resolved to repair the mischief by avoiding her company. This trouble Miss Worsley spared him, by removing without delay, and, he entering into the embarrassment his presence must occasion her at Godfrey Hall, returned the

compliment by making a retreat equally ſudden.

" I own, Mary, I am pleaſed at my brother's delicacy, and you muſt obſerve he did not enter into an explanation unflattering to vanity, to any but a ſiſter, with whom he has few concealments.

" William is, I think, more ſerious than uſual; his manners too are changed from ſomething like conſcious ſuperiority that has often pained me, to gentle winning affability, almoſt leading me to ſuppoſe he is become a convert to that paſſion, which in good minds, ennobles every ſentiment.

" Would I might have choſen the object,—we are apt to coincide in our opinions, and poſſibly we may think alike in this reſpect as well as others.

" My

"My ſpirits are in ſuch charming harmony, I am diſpoſed to make every idea concordant.

"Mansfield continues very good, ſhould he make any further excurſions from my apron ſtring, I believe they will not be, till he is ſure of finding me at home on his return.

"Preſent my compliments to Miſs Worſley, and tell her, ſuppoſing ſhe has objections to my brother, ſurely I may hope for the pleaſure of her acquaintance: my beſt reſpects attend Mrs. Maddel and Mr. Godfrey.—Write ſoon, and believe me ever

your's,

CONSTANCE HADLEIGH."

THE CONFESSION.

Miſs Hadleigh's letter diſſipated the uneaſineſs Mary had experienced, without knowing exactly what to impute it to; but it implanted chagrin of another nature, that left her ſtill more diſpleaſed with herſelf than ſhe was before.

It was unpardonable, ſhe thought, to ſuſpect Mr. Hadleigh of impropriety, after Miſs Worſley had ſo entirely cleared him; and held herſelf in juſtice bound to give him a higher place than ever in her eſteem; what the heart aſſents to, we are apt to deem moſt wiſe and *moſt* diſcreet; therefore Mary determined to grant Hadleigh all the friendſhip his own

ſuperlative

ſuperlative merit and her affection for his ſiſter warranted.

"But moſt probably," exclaimed ſhe, "my opinion is a matter of indifference to him; his ſiſter ſuppoſes him under the influence of an attachment that affects both his ſpirits and manners; cruel Conſtance! to leave me in the dark where the minuteſt point is ſo intereſting!— ſhe accuſes me of reſerve, yet treats me with ſuch as I can hardly brook."

After this ſoliloquy ſhe remained thoughtful and reſtleſs. Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel were greatly concerned at the apparent alteration. Her anxious father ſaid, "he feared ſhe found Hampton too retired, after the gaiety of London and Paris."

"Indeed," ſhe replied, "I love retirement; in your ſociety I ought to have no wiſh unſatisfied."

"But your manner of expreſſion, my dear, implies you have."

Mary burſt into a flood of tears.—Mr. Godfrey was affected beyond utterance; from her infancy he had endeavoured to anticipate the thoughts of his darling girl; he now beheld her labouring under ſuch as afflicted her, and which ſhe was unwilling to reveal: he beſought her to be compoſed, and when ſhe was rather more ſo, he left the room to give vent to his own emotions.

Mary in a few minutes rouſing herſelf, followed him, and opening the Library door ſaw him in a melancholy reverie.

She threw herſelf at his feet, and implored his forgiveneſs.

Mr. Godfrey raiſed her with all the affection he felt, upon which ſhe told him of the note ſhe had written

ten to Miſs Worſley; of the remorſe ſhe ſuffered for haſtily condemning Mr. Hadleigh, and laſtly of the unaccountable chagrin that overwhelmed her, from his ſiſter's conjectures reſpecting him.

Thus Mary made a fair expoſition of her inmoſt thoughts, and was inſtantly relieved: *ſhe* had not attempted to draw any concluſion, but Mr. Godfrey found it an eaſy matter, however, he confined his ſurmiſes to his own boſom; only telling Mary her ingenuouſneſs delighted him, and he ſaw nothing to blame but her precipitate note to Miſs Worſley.

"We are ſubject my dear child," ſaid he, "to ſudden incorrect emotions, which only reaſon can reviſe: *reaſon* therefore ſhould be allowed time for the important taſk, in order

that our conduct may bear the ſtrict ſcrutiny of every eye."

INVIDIOUS HINTS.

Mrs. Maddel was of the ſame opinion with Mr. Godfrey, reſpecting Mary's leading ſentiment, but finding ſhe was a ſtranger to it herſelf, left it to prevail or abate as circumſtances ſhould determine.

They had ſome idea Hadleigh beheld her partially, and few doubts that ſhe was the object his ſiſter alluded to; which rather threw the ſubject in a pleaſant light.

Mr. Godfrey ſaw no exceptions to ſuch an union; the loftineſs he had formerly noticed in Hadleigh, being removed, confirmed the idea he then conceived, that it was only the effect of

of a college life, perhaps ſomewhat raiſed by the approving voices of the moſt learned, which were well known to diſtinguiſh him.

Mary on her part ſeemed almoſt to have ſurmounted every diſtreſs, by having revealed them to her friends; yet ſhe remained a little anxious to hear further from Conſtance on the ſubject of her laſt letter; the better to entitle herſelf to the ſatisfaction, ſhe wrote her friend a very long one, relating what Miſs Worſley had imparted, but forbore mentioning her own perturbations, poſſibly from a notion, they had too long been dwelt on.

Whilſt ſhe was in expectation of an anſwer, the Carters announced an intention of drinking tea at Godfrey Hall; the favour was accepted, and they made their appearance.

Wilhelmina

Wilhelmina was in an unuſual flow of ſpirits, which her mamma ſaid, "ſhe was happy to obſerve, for vivacity in young ladies ſhewed they had never done any thing to be aſhamed of."

"Yes," replied Miſs Carter, "I can ſhew my face in any company without putting *gentlemen* out of countenance, or running away to hide my *own* confuſion."— Mary recollected ſhe was preſent the day of Miſs Worſley's adventure, but was then ſilent, wherefore it ſeemed as if her mother had taught her to exalt herſelf on the occaſion.

Mary looked rather contemptuouſly, ſaying, "do not Miſs Carter be too ſure in your boaſt, however, ſhould your cauſe of embarraſſment be equally innocent with the lady's you allude to, you need not fear blame."

"O dear!

"O dear!" ſhe replied, "I mentioned no names," and appeared ſomething daſhed.

"Then I will," ſaid Mary, "Miſs Worſley I preſume you mean, who is every way unexceptionable both in character and manners."

"Indeed," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "I always looked upon her as a pretty kind of young woman, and her ſtrange behaviour, which to be ſure I have heard of, might be owing to ſome ſudden attack on her finer feelings," adding with a ſigh, "I know how to pity her."

"A decent body," gravely obſerved the old gentleman.

The ſon and heir finding opinions were on the tapis, ventured to offer his; "once I thought Miſs Worſley handſome, but ſhe loſes by compariſon."

Seeing

Seeing Miſs Worſley reſpected by perſons of conſequence, rendered her worthy the conſideration of this family.

Mary exulted ſhe had ſtopped ſcandal in its carreer; but ſhe looked upon Harriot Worſley, as far above their praiſe as their cenſure.

Mr. Godfrey that day obſerved a degree of conformity in the Carters he could not account for; he knew ſervility to be the frequent companion of pride, but it had not before been ſo conſpicuous in their demeanour.

Mary ſaid, "ſhe ſhould like vaſtly to ſee them grow humble." "If they do," ſaid Mrs. Maddel, "I have a ſhrewd gueſs, it will be in order, my dear, that you may exalt them."

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Mary's intimacy with Miſs Worſley grew ſtronger, after Harriot had made herſelf ſo particularly intereſting.

She ſaid one day, "ſhe felt it would be entirely in her power to return the diſtinction Mr. Conway had paid her, but lately there was a coolneſs in his manners that diſcouraged her from thinking ſhe ſhould ever be united to him."

Mary was concerned at this obſervation, but thought her friend might view Mr. Conway's behaviour in too unfavourable a light; however he entered ſoon after the converſation, and a change was obvious; his viſit being formal and ſhort.

Miſs

Miſs Worſley owned herſelf vexed, and was ſo from more cauſes than ſhe acknowledged.

From a perfect conviction that Miſs Godfrey was partial to Mr. Hadleigh, and that he could not avoid ſeeing ſo lovely a young woman in the ſame point of view, ſhe ſhuddered at the conſequence of being too ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in his favour, and liſtened with more than uſual attention to Mr. Conway whoſe every action, till the laſt week, bore teſtimony of his regard, which, united to a graceful perſon, a manner impartially conſidered by a rational underſtanding, could not fail to have due weight. In ſhort Harriot made up her mind to embrace a ſituation then ſeeming to unfold happineſs; ſhe knew alſo by ſo doing, ſhe ſhould afford her uncle the higheſt ſatisfaction.

faction. But the manifeſt alteration in Mr. Conway, reduced her proſpect to a leſs pleaſing one; and Mary left her lamenting the effect, though totally ignorant of the cauſe.

When Mary got home her father and Mrs. Maddel were ſmiling over a letter, and ſaid it concerned her, upon which ſhe took it to peruſe.

To HENRY GODFREY, Eſq.

Mr. Godfrey,

Sir,

"My ſon Auguſtus has taken a liking to your daughter, which I do not wonder at, ſhe being a ſightly young perſon as need be; but I am proud to ſay, my boy is not caught alone by outward appearance; I have always bid him have

an

an eye to the main chance, as it is natural for every parent to desire their children should support the rank in life they have brought them up to: you are no doubt, of my way of thinking, and will be better satisfied when I advise you of my intention, to give my son ten thousand hard pounds on his marriage, which, with the entail of my estate, render him no despicable match.—You will be so good to tell me as soon as possible what you mean to do for your daughter; and wishing the affair may soon be settled to our mutual satisfaction, I remain,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

SAMUEL CARTER."

"Really

"Really," exclaimed Mary, "I am infinitely honoured, pray, my dear Sir, inſtantly acknowledge it; keep them not a moment in ſuſpenſe, reſpecting the important object of Mr. Carter's enquiry; open your coffers to make me worthy ſuch charming proſpects; and when the affair is *really* ſettled to your *mutual ſatisfaction*, I'll engage it will be to mine alſo."

Mary's friends were diverted both at the ſubject and her manner of treating it. Mr. Godfrey anſwered the letter as follows.

To Samuel Carter, Eſq.

Sir,

"I am obliged to Mr. Auguſtus Carter, for his favourable ideas of

of my daughter; which, I agree with you, her perfections juſtify; but I do not find her diſpoſed to alter her ſtate, wherefore the particulars you require are unneceſſary.

"I hope the diſappointment to your ſon will not be very ſevere, being much of opinion, he may at any time form an alliance more ſuitable to his rank in life, and more congenial to the ſentiments of himſelf and family.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

HENRY GODFREY."

This letter was *critically* equivocal, yet not calculated to mortify people wrapt up in their own importance.

An

An anſwer was impatiently wiſhed by the Carter family; not that Mr. Carter entertained any doubts of the ſucceſs of his overtures, but to uſe his own words, he wanted to proceed at once to buſineſs.

He found, though, on the receipt of Mr. Godfrey's letter, the bargain was by no means ſtruck.

"Indeed my dear," ſaid his wife, trembling leſt ſhe was too bold, "theſe caſes of delicacy ſhould be left to us ladies."

"Zoons, Madam! am I not the *head of my family*, who ſo qualified to undertake the management of ſuch an affair, and conduct it with *proper dignity?*"

"I think," ſaid Auguſtus, "I might have been allowed to ſpeak for myſelf, and then the accompliſhments you have beſtowed on me, with

with a perſon not contemptible, caſting his eye on a mirror, would have had fair play."

"What a fuſs is here," ſaid Wilhelmina, "about people whom nobody knows, we are not ſure they have all the fortune they pretend to, marry ſomebody elſe directly, brother, and ſhew them how little you mind the refuſal."

"Right, my dear," returned Mrs. Carter, "you was always a girl of ſpirit;" adding to her ſon, "do not let your tender feelings injure your repoſe, we will all try to find you a better match, when, as Wilhelmina ſays, you may triumph over the Godfreys.

Further comments enſued, equally expreſſive of their little minds, the converſation ending in reſolutions to drop the acquaintance of the family

ly at Godfrey Hall; who ſhortly after perceived a reſulting coolneſs, and were not diſpleaſed at the occaſion.

BAD INTENTIONS DEFEATED.

Mary had been amuſed by her conqueſt, but Miſs Worſley's ſituation very much engroſſed her attention; which Harriot knew, and one morning haſtened to communicate what ſhe was perſuaded would give her friend ſincere pleaſure.

"Mr. Conway," ſhe ſaid, "to his other perfections, added that candid openneſs, which had happily ſubdued both her uneaſineſs and his own: can you believe me, my dear Mary, continued ſhe, that Miſs Carter has endeavoured to rob me of his eſteem, by placing the moſt unjuſt conſtruc-

tions on my interview with Mr. Hadleigh; upon hearing the atrocious accuſation I gave Mr. Conway the ſame exact account I gave you; and equally liberal with yourſelf, he has placed me above blame.

"I was happy to find my ſincerity met with the reward I hoped; I had the temerity to confeſs his good opinion was become dearer to me than I ever believed it would; and we are now exactly on thoſe terms my uncle has long wiſhed to behold us."

Mary unfeignedly rejoiced with Miſs Worſley on ſo pleaſant a turn in her affairs, and ſaid, "it was a pity Miſs Carter was not better employed then in attempts to injure her neighbour's happineſs."

The little kowledge of the world Mary began to attain, gave her no very favourable impreſſions. But they

they were early days to complain, though her domeſtic tranquillity had met with ſome few interruptions, and other inſtances of diſquietude had fallen under her obſervation.

Her little charge, Betſy Jenkins, would ſometimes awaken ſerious reflections

She was a lovely child, improving in every engaging quality. Mary would exclaim when fondly ſurveying her, "thou art deprived of a mother's love, by the exceſſes of a father, whoſe carreer will moſt likely only be ſtopped by the hand of ſickneſs aſſailing him, without ſhelter for his head or a bed to reſt on."

No pangs reached Betſy's heart, her ſituation being the happieſt imaginable; Mrs. Maddel and Mary both took the utmoſt pains with her, and they ſtrongly inculcated humi-

lity, which ſeemed to flouriſh as much as her tender age could admit.

THE WEDDING.

A letter from Miſs Hadleigh, affectionate as uſual, and evincing her own happineſs perfectly *en train*, added to the ſatisfaction Mary felt on Miſs Worſley's account.

She had imagined the wedding of her friend Conſtance, would be the firſt ſhe ſhould go to; but ſhe was ſhortly called on to aſſiſt at that of a different party, and experienced a felicity only known to generous minds, in witneſſing the joys of the deſerving.

Harriot's countenance, for it was her wedding, bore teſtimony that the

the act ſhe was performing, reſulted from a deliberate well founded choice.

Mr. Conway was all rapture, and Mr. Barrington betrayed emotions beyond the bounds of his general moderation. A feſtivity ſuitable to the occaſion reigned in his houſe, and hoſpitality void of pomp, gave a zeſt to all.

Mr. Conway reſided at an elegant ſeat within three miles of Hampton, whither he conveyed his bride, engaging her uncle to accompany them; they ſolicited the ſame favour of Mary, but ſhe pleaded engagement to her friends in Pall Mall.

A few days after ſhe fulfilled it, with her father and Mrs. Maddel.

Their preſence did not fail to diffuſe pleaſure,—Mary had ſo much to ſay to Miſs Hadleigh, ſhe chatted inceſſantly; ſhe related her refu-

ſal of Mr. Auguſtus Carter with every particular; ſhe deſcribed Miſs Worſley's wedding, with which, both Conſtance and her brother were highly delighted. Hadleigh ſaid, "he thought he might be allowed to pay his reſpects to Mrs. Conway, though Miſs Worſley ſhunned him;" and the ladies replied it would doubtleſs be very proper he ſhould accompany them, on ſuch a viſit from Godfrey Hall.

Harmony almoſt unequalled, reigned throughout the ſociety in Pall Mall. Mary ſearched in vain, for the gravity ſhe had heard of in Hadleigh, and concluded it had been merely temporary; but in fact the ſight of her, had diſperſed every unpleaſant idea: no views had been talked of for her, which interfered with his

his own—he ſaw, he heard her without interruption.

They were to be one family a few weeks, during that time he hoped to gain ſuch an intereſt in her heart, as alone could encourage him to reveal his ſentiments.

When more than common eſteem awakens penetration, a young woman ſoon perceives the aſcendancy ſhe has gained. Mary ſeeing Hadleigh's manifeſt preference, aſſumed no arts to diſguiſe her own ſentiments, neither did they require a veil, propriety gave them birth, and modeſty adorned them in her moſt beautiful garb.

THE PARTY INCREASED.

A carriage unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, but inſtantly recol-

lected by Mrs. Maddel, one day ſtopped at the door.

It was Lady Newland's, who made an excurſion to London, to pleaſe her daughter and haſtened to Pall Mall to enquire if Mr. Godfrey and family were at Hampton. To find them in London was more than ſhe expected. Lady Newland and Mrs. Maddel had correſponded, but not very frequently, which prevented the latter being apprized of her friend's intention.

Expreſſions of ſatisfaction paſſed on all ſides. Miſs Newland ſaid, "ſhe once more breathed the moſt charming air in the world,"—one of the dark foggy days before Chriſtmas but ill corroborated her aſſertions.

The Mordants paid every poſſible attention to Lady Newland and her daughter,

daughter, as friends of thoſe they ſo much eſteemed; indeed her ladyſhip's character and manners indiſputably claimed their reſpect and admiration; but the inſufferable giddiness ſomewhat bordering on levity, in Miſs Newland, rather inſpired diſguſt; however Emilia mixed as much as ſhe could with her ſchool acquaintances, which in general were vaſtly more adapted to her taſte, and by ſuch means relieved thoſe from her ſociety, who did not truly enjoy it.

Miſs Hadleigh and Mary wiſhed ſincerely ſhe might form ſome engagement for the Holidays, but ſhe diſappointed them, and accepted with her mother, the invitation Mr. Godfrey had given them to Hampton; accordingly on Chriſtmas eve a very large party arrived at Godfrey Hall,

propoſing to paſs the ſeaſon in mirth and feſtivity.

Mr. Godfrey ever approved a joyous celebration of religious feſtivals, ſaying, "domeſtic gaiety teſtified thankful minds," yet he did not confine ſuch effuſions to his own fire ſide, he communicated them to the utmoſt of his abilities, which having become more proportionable to his wiſhes he gratefully rewarded the induſtry of many poor families, and made the "widow's heart to ſing for joy."

A FLATTERING PROJECT.

On Chriſtmas day the whole party went to church, Miſs Newland in gazing around, diſcovered Miſs

Carter, and exclaimed, "there was one of her ſchoolfellows," ſhe contented herſelf with nodding and ſmiling till ſervice was over and then joined her.

The young ladies were ſeparately engaged that day, but agreed to meet the next, which each ſaid they ſhould be impatient for.

The Carters had not viſited at Godfrey Hall, ſince the diſappointment of their views in that quarter; but having time-ſerving notions, they determined, as they yawned out Chriſtmas day, which they agreed was horribly like Sunday, to renew their viſits.

"I told you, Auguſtus," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "you would ſoon have it in your power to hurt the Godfreys feelings, transfer your paſſion to Miſs Newland; and when the little

chit finds you are out of her reach, if ſhe has a grain of ſenſibility, ſhe muſt repent her conduct."

"*Now* Molly you ſpeak ſenſibly," ſaid Mr. Carter, who had liſtened with profound attention.

"How often, Mr. Carter, have I conjured you to call me *Maria*, that low appellation of *Molly* has deranged every idea."

"Pſhaw! your thoughts for the advancement of your family are ſoon *deranged*, as you call it, but I ſhall not drop the ſubject. I deſire, young man, you will think ſeriouſly of the lady in queſtion; it will look well in the papers, on ſuch a day, "was married Auguſtus Carter, Eſq. to Miſs Newland, only daughter of the late Sir Richard Newland, Baronet." From henceforth conſider the

the daughter of an Eſquire beneath your notice."

"A title is vaſtly pretty to be ſure," ſaid Wilhelmina, "I wiſh papa you would buy one: however if Auguſtus marries a Lady's daughter, we may talk of *her Ladyſhip* as much as we pleaſe;—what relation will Lady Newland be to us mamma?"

"I do not know exactly, my dear, but the *conſanguinity* will be indiſputable;—well boarding ſchools are charming places,—young ladies of *tender ſentimental diſpoſitions* may form *friendſhips* at them which may prove ſerviceable all their lives."

"Aye, ſaid Mrs. Carter," "*uſeful* friendſhips are the *friendſhips* for my money:—*my ſervice to you if you want nothing of me*, is the beſt motto going."

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter ſeemed to agree remarkably well on the ſubject.

Auguſtus ſaid little, but felt himſelf by no means averſe; he was conſidering, it appeared, to arm himſelf for conqueſt; at length made a choice in point of dreſs, that his mother, ſiſter and *ſelf*, pronounced *muſt* prove irreſiſtible. The important matter adjuſted, he was anxious for the hour of attack; accordingly to haſten it, they ſettled that he ſhould call the next morning with Wilhelmina at Godfrey Hall; and it was further intended that the whole party in the courſe of the week, ſhould be invited to dinner.

When the glaring appendages of the ſide board and all the ſplendour of roaſted and boiled were to be ſet forth

forth, as enſigns of grandeur and pr perty.

FAVOURABLE CONCLUSIONS.

The brother and ſiſter purſued their plan, and made a long morning viſit.

Miſs Newland and Miſs Carter, talked over their ſchool frolicks; the wit of them conſiſting chiefly in deceiving their governeſs and teachers, or placing them in a ludicrous light.

Of courſe the converſation proved not very entertaining to the reſt of the company, except, indeed, Mrs. Mordant's two younger ſons, who obſerved afterwards that girls could be as miſchievous as boys; and Auguſtus

guſtus ſmiled approbation at every word, ſo diſcovering a ſet of teeth tolerably white and even, the beauty of which he had no doubt would admirably forward his purpoſes, and be a prevailing ſubſtitute for flowing ſentences, for thoſe were not always at his command.

Theſe viſitors, particularly Miſs Carter, diſpleaſed Mary and Miſs Hadleigh; there had been ſomething ſo like malice in her proceedings, reſpecting Miſs Worſley, that ſhe appeared in a deſpicable light.

They had hinted to Miſs Newland that ſhe was no favourite, and the cauſe, before ſhe came.

"O dear!" ſaid Emilia, "if we were only to be acquainted with unexceptionable characters we might often ſit alone; Miſs Carter has her merits notwithſtanding; and as I do not

not wiſh to treat her with indifference, I hope it will not be taken ill if whilſt at Hampton, I both receive and return her civilities."

Mary, in reſpect to Lady Newland, and from a deſire to oblige every gueſt, ſubmited to Emilia's pleaſure.

She began to perceive the truth of what her father and Mrs. Maddel had both told her, that in the *world* courteſy is often requiſite, where contempt is due; and to avoid wounding real worth, folly and even faults muſt be countenanced.

"A hard caſe," exclaimed Mary, "to act perpetually in oppoſition to the judgment, or engage in a conſtant warfare with ſociety."

When Wilhelmina and Auguſtus returned home, they were cloſely queſtioned

queſtioned concerning their reception.

"Did Miſs Newland ſeem ſtruck, Wilhelmina?" ſaid Mrs. Carter, "come I know you are a judge of ſuch delicate points."

"Yes, mamma, ſhe looked at my brother very often, and I dare ſay, ſpoke to him *three times*."

"Really! but how did ſhe look? and what did ſhe ſay?"

Auguſtus put on a face of recollection— "why ſhe looked ma'am as if—but vanity is not my foible—as to what ſhe ſaid, I do not exactly remember the words, the manner is the thing, and *I flatter myſelf*—well, poſitively I will ſay no more--"

"There's no occaſion," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "I can ſuppoſe all the little delicacies *you* cannot explain."

Mr.

Mr. Carter was ſo well ſatisfied with facts and *ſuppoſitions*, that he wanted to write without delay to Lady Newland.

"Indeed, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "you are ſhockingly mechanical in your proceedings, you aſſaſſinate my feelings; I conjure you let the young people have time for a few tender glances, before you make your Smithfield overtures."

Mrs. Carter derived ſuch conſequence from her ſhare in the buſineſs, that ſhe thus ventured to oppoſe her huſband, and he actually vouchſafed to defer formal propoſals till after the dinner, and that being Tueſday, a card of invitation was ſent for the enſuing Thurſday.

INSIDIOUS RAILLERY.

Mr. Godfrey was not greatly flattered by the *invitation*, neither was any of the party except Miſs Newland, who ſaid, "ſhe longed to ſee what kind of beings Miſs Carter's parents were, and to have a thorough laugh at that *inſect* her brother."

Thus an excuſe could not be made without offending her, and an affirmative card was returned.

That day was dedicated to Mrs. Conway, who being apprized of their intentions, agreed to receive Mr. Hadleigh with pleaſure, ſaying, ſhe did not enter her new ſituation till ſhe merely eſteemed him in common

mon with other deſerving acquaintances, and as ſuch he would be welcome to both Mr. Conway and herſelf."

Indeed their reception of Hadleigh and the whole company, was exactly compatible with propriety and friendſhip.

Never was the conjugal ſtate better graced than by Mr. and Mrs. Conway: they might be ſaid to be then in the honey-moon, but their mutual attentions ſeemed the reſult of an affection excited by innate merit, and likely, from unbounded confidence, to be permanent.

Even Miſs Newland ſaid, when returned home, "ſhe never ſaw matrimony look ſo pleaſant."

"I have often conceived very high ideas of the ſtate," ſaid Hadleigh,

"and

" and by this amiable couple they are amplified."

Mansfield too ſpoke in terms of admiration, ſaying, " are they not *charming examples* Miſs Godfrey ?" and looked ſomewhat archly both at her and Conſtance.

It was doubtleſs an appoſite queſtion, but to Mary it proved embarraſſing, yet ſhe replied with ſome quickneſs, " *charming examples* indeed Mr. Mansfield, which ſtrikingly illuſtrate your precepts :" alluding to thoſe he had enforced to her friend Conſtance, who ſaid little till ſhe was alone with Mary, when ſhe heartily prayed her marriage might prove equally happy with Miſs Worſley's ; " and ſhould it be ſo," added Conſtance, " I ſhall have but one wiſh unaccompliſhed, that is, my dear Mary, that you may ſoon experience

experience felicity of the ſame nature."

"Well," replied Mary laughing, "your wiſh is not very unreaſonable and when a large number of temptations aſſail me, I may be induced to gratify it:—let me ſee, I am now in my eighteenth year, I have at leaſt ten years good, before I need make up my mind to *ſingle bleſſedneſs*."

"What, Mary, are the temptations calculated to ſubdue you? intrinſic worth of courſe,—but in point of external qualifications, what is your taſte?—— for inſtance, muſt your lover be tall or ſhort?"

"Tall," ſaid Mary, laconically.

"Good," replied Conſtance, "and what the colour of his hair?—his eyes?---what his complexion?

"His

"His eyes are——" but there Mary pauſed,—her friend's looks ſhot conviction,—who cried "proceed I beſeech you, I die to know the colour of his eyes."

"Pſhaw! I do not know it myſelf."——

"Oh! their brilliancy prevents the diſcovery; for *eyes you have ſeen*, and *eyes have ſeen you*, or I am much miſtaken."

"Teazing creature! I believe your *eyes* mean to penetrate my inmoſt thoughts."

"My affection would, then why injure it by reſerve?"

"Reſerve! would my dear Conſtance have me reveal what I ſhould not ſuffer myſelf to believe, till a certainty, that may never happen, authorizes ſuch ideas."

Thus

Thus a converſation began with raillery, ended ſeriouſly, tho' very ſatisfactory to Miſs Hadleigh, who was further convinced by it, that her brother's attentions were not loſt on Miſs Godfrey.

ACCOMMODATING SENTIMENTS.

Miſs Newland thought proper to return Miſs Carter's morning viſit, therefore the day preceding the dinner engagement, ſhe went, unaccompanied, for the purpoſe.

Mansfield civilly offered to eſcort her, but ſhe ſaid, "if ſhe took him from Miſs Hadleigh, her neck would be broke, through his hurry to return."

Miſs Newland had endeavoured, in vain, to flirt with both Hadleigh

and Mansfield, but finding ſhe could not by all her airs and graces attract more from them than the attentions due to her ſex, ſhe wiſely gave up the point.

In this predicament ſhe found Godfrey Hall rather dull; the young Mordants ſhe looked on as children; indeed they were juſt of an age to find the company of young females irkſome, and would have preferred dancing together, rather than with the fair partners allotted them, when a dance was propoſed,

In ſhort, Emilia ſaid, "the young people of the party were not ſociety for a *rational* creature; and the old were ſo full of antiquated propriety, ſhe might live a century with them and not ſee them ridiculous enough to amuſe her; but when ſhe beheld Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter, they unfolded a fund of entertainment."

The father and ſon each ſeized a hand as ſhe alighted, and led her in triumph to the ladies.

"How happy I am to ſee my ſweet friend," exclaimed Wilhelmina, introducing her to her mother, who ſaid "her feelings were highly gratified in ſeeing a young lady her daughter ſo juſtly eſteemed; ſhe hoped Lady Newland was well,—" and uttered *her Ladyſhip*, twenty times in a breath.

Miſs Newland, that Mrs. Carter might think herſelf perfectly right, *belady'd* her mother alſo, whenever ſhe ſpoke of her: in fact, to win the hearts of the whole family, or rather to humour their foibles, in order to have the full exhibition of them, ſhe was all things to each.

Mrs. Carter talked of the *finer feelings*; Emilia launched forth rapturouſly on the bleſſings of ſenſibility.

Mr. Carter by hints proclaimed his independent dignity;—ſhe called grandeur "the firſt earthly good."

With ſmiles ſhe liſtened to the obſervations of the brother and ſiſter, chiefly conſiſting of "very true—certainly—" and for the ſtock of ideas between them, they did not amount to the dividend of a common individual, except ſome few of a pernicious tendency, which Miſs Carter ſometimes expreſſed by words and actions.

Miſs Newland viewed this family with thorough contempt, yet as tools of her amuſement.

Emilia had a quick eye to diſcern folly, and a ready talent to ridicule it.

Her

Her underſtanding too much enveloped by volatility, to do her any credit, and the bleſſings of youth and proſperity were counteracted by encouraging what the remonſtrances of an amiable parent could ſeldom check.

THE TOILS OF CEREMONY.

"Oh! this odious viſit," exclaimed Mary, as they were ſitting at breakfaſt on the Thurſday morning.

"Truly Miſs Godfrey," ſaid Lady Newland, "if the reſt of the family reſemble the ſpecimens I have ſeen, I do not wonder the Carters are not favourites of your's."

"Well, I think," ſaid Emilia, "they are very agreeable folks, and I expect to be doubly feaſted.

"In addition to the uſual viands, for firſt and ſecond courſe, we ſhall have a *diſh* of *tender feelings delicately fricaſeed* by Mrs. Carter; the advantages of wealth and high rank, in *paties* with *excellent puff* paſte, manufactured by her ſpouſe; and *trifles* moſt delectably whipt over with *jolly* by the brother and ſiſter."

Mary ſmiled at this ſally, almoſt wiſhing for *that* day ſhe could be of Miſs Newland's diſpoſition, and aſſume it whenever the demands of ceremony were larger than her judgment could afford to anſwer. She did not like by any aſſociation with Miſs Carter, to be reminded of the principles ſhe had evinced; for the indignation they excited, diſqualified

ſied her for being ſincere in the neceſſary civilities.

But a ſociety accompanied her, which never failed to diſpel every gloom, and leave unchecked the *prevailing* innocent gaiety of a good heart.

The party no ſooner arrived at the manſion of the Carters, than the whole train of ceremonious evils commenced

Lady Newland ſeeing the lead was given her, would have ſeated herſelf as expeditiouſly as poſſible, but to ſit where ſhe pleaſed was a privilege not allowed; therefore for the ſake of a quiet life ſhe ſubmitted to be placed in Mr. Carter's own dignatorial chair, in which, being a little woman, ſhe was almoſt loſt.

The reſt of the party during this arrangement, in which all the family

aſſiſted, had diſpoſed of themſelves moſt to their own ſatisfaction: but each was removed to the ſeat ordained them three days before hand.

They had not recovered from the recent *fuſs*, when dinner was announced, and another, more fatiguing, enſued. At length the gueſts were ſeated with their appetites palled before they began to eat.

But eating was not the point in view; for ſome time Lady Newland felt an air from the window, or was ſcorched by the fire; at leaſt they endeavoured to convince her *ladyſhip* ſuch, with fifty other inconveniences, were her portion, whilſt their ſuperabundant forms of *doing* civil, were the only ones ſhe endured; by thoſe indeed ſhe was almoſt overwhelmed.

Her *ladyſhip*, as being her ladyſhip, ſuffered the moſt ſeverely, but each of

of the company had their trials; if they ſo far gained their point as to be helped to what they choſe by any perſon, it was inſtantly inſiſted on by the kind lady of the houſe, that the plate ſhould be changed, loading another with what ſhe conſidered a greater dainty.

If beverage was brought in one ſilver cup, the ſervant was deſired to hand another more commodious, with deſign to render the ſideboard more obſervable, which ſeemed bending under the weight of Salvers, Tankards, and all thoſe articles in ſilver, an elegant taſte would prefer in glaſs.

It may be ſuppoſed the cloſe of this pompous entertainment was heartily wiſhed by Mr. Godfrey and family, who moſt enjoyed the welcome

come that permitted eaſe and always beſtowed it themſelves.

It was a reception truly gratifying to Miſs Newland, who, during the day, threw herſelf in the way to increaſe an active confuſion, and by ill timed obſervations, prolonged the formalities of words.

She congratulated her mother as they returned home on eſcaping ſo well, ſaying, "ſhe almoſt expected a glaſs-caſe would have been provided for *her ladyſhip*," and Lady Newland declared, "ſhe would have ſuffered ſuch a confinement, to have been equally peeped at, like Queen Ann in the Abbey, rather than be obliged to move at every blaſt of ceremony."

But Miſs Newland had conceived an idea that afforded her more diverſion than all the reſt; "I really believe,"

believe," ſaid ſhe "the ſon and heir has a ſneaking kindneſs for me, and if ſo, I will encourage him to continue in my train, for the ſport of my admirers, of a leſs contemptible ſpecies; and when tired of the inſect, diſmiſs him for the benefit of ſome kinder damſel, who will have my leave to torment him the remainder of his days."

Theſe ſentiments, though uttered jeſtingly, were ſuch as Emilia actually poſſeſſed: a conqueſt it is certain never failed to increaſe her uſual flow of ſpirits, nor was ſhe very nice reſpecting whom ſhe conquered.

So far ſhe was well prepared for the negociations projected by the Carters.

A DECLARATION.

The Carters were admirably well ſatisfied with the part they had acted. Mr. Carter felicitated himſelf that the entertainment was calculated to give juſt notions of their conſequence.

Mrs. Carter ſaid, "ſhe really flattered herſelf the whole was conducted with that *refined eaſe* of which only delicate minds were ſuſceptible; no buſtle—no parade,—but all as if they were accuſtomed to receive people of condition:" and I am happy to add, continued ſhe, "that no groſs hints were dropped of our intentions for the young people; I was agitated leſt the mutual paſſion, I perceived, ſhould be nipt in its bud."

"As

"As to that name," ſaid Miſs Carter, "my friend, Emilia, is too much the woman of faſhion, to be eaſily daſhed; ſhe was the envy of the whole ſchool for her happy aſſurance, never bluſhing but when ſhe was contradicted, and that you know only ſhewed her ſpirit."

"To be ſure," ſaid Auguſtus, "who but fools would be controuled; for my part I love a girl of ſenſe and ſpirit; they know how to diſtinguiſh *real* accompliſhments."

"What, you think, brother, Miſs Newland has ſpied out your's?"—tittering at her own ſagacity.

Mr. Carter began to think time was loſt in prating, and called for pen, ink and paper.

"I beſeech you, my dear Mr. Carter, do not adopt a mode ſo prejudicial to the cauſe; let me delicately introduce

introduce the ſubject to her ladyſhip, or let Auguſtus go when he will have it in his power to *look things unutterable.*"

"Do, brother, go and ſpeak up like a man;"--- "I will be Maſter," ſaid Mr. Carter, in an authoritative tone, and accordingly compoſed an epiſtle, very like that, on a ſimilar ſubject to Mr. Godfrey; and without loſs of time it was diſpatched.

Lady Newland was ſurpriſed--- "Is it poſſible, Emilia," ſaid ſhe, "you can in ſo ſhort a time, have given encouragement for ſuch propoſals."

"Never mind, my dear Madam, what is the cauſe, the effect delights me, and I intreat you will ſend a favourable anſwer."

"Then you really intend to marry the young man?"

"Marry him, Madam! I would as ſoon wed one of the ſpeaking figures, and infinitely prefer General Jackoo."

"Then what do you mean by a favourable anſwer? No, Emilia, I have diſcovered your ſentiments, and ſhall ſend ſuch as they dictate."

Miſs Newland did not contend with her mother, but determined by her own conduct to retain her new lover, thinking him as valuable an acquiſition as a parrot, monkey, or lap-dog.

When Lady Newland's anſwer was returned, implying her daughter was too young and volatile to accept ſuch ſerious offers, the whole family was diſconcerted; but Auguſtus ſaid, "he believed notwithſtanding her ladyſhip's diſcouraging letter, he had won the young lady's heart,

heart, ſo he would hope the beſt:" This re-animated his friends, and they all reſolved to *hope*.

A DECLARATION POSTPONED.

Mary and Miſs Hadleigh obſerved, between themſelves, the paſſion of Mr. Auguſtus Carter had the happy property of eaſy transference, but did not admire Miſs Newland the more for her idea of tormenting him.

Mary ſaid, "ſhe looked upon him as the moſt harmleſs of his family," and ſhe was perfectly right, his ruling foible being ſelf admiration, no female had ever appeared half ſo bewitching as his own perſon; but he wiſhed to be married and

and ſettled, to eſcape from home, where he was certainly treated more like a child than a young man.

He was tolerably juſtified in believing Miſs Newland partial to him, as the ſhadow of an object for flirtation in her, gave riſe to it.

Thus encouraged, he called frequently at Godfrey Hall; indeed, Mr. Godfrey was under the neceſſity of having his family to dinner whilſt thoſe friends ſtaid, on whoſe account he was invited to their houſe.

Lady Newland reſted ſatisfied, having diſcouraged the buſineſs as much as ſhe could, and concluded their departure from Hampton would put a final ſtop to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway frequently joined the party which ſo much admired them, and the Chriſtmas holidays

lidays were never paſſed with more hilarity than at Godfrey Hall.

Mansfield and Conſtance avowed that affection, which Hymen was to ſanctify on their return to London.

Hadleigh and Mary were not ſo far advanced on the road to matrimony, yet ſeemed by eaſy ſtages to purſue ſuch a track.

Hadleigh covetous of every poſſible proof which an unbiaſſed ſituation could afford of Mary's regard, delayed ſpeaking explicitly, but their union was a ſubject frequently diſcuſſed by Mr. Godfrey and Mr. and Mrs. Mordant.

The latter adviſed her ſon, to avail himſelf of that opportunity to demonſtrate his wiſhes, and ſuch had been his intention, but a timidity ever attendant on true love, determined

termined him to write from London.

A STRANGER.

Mr. Godfrey's party were ſitting one afternoon round a large fire in the Drawing-room, when Matthew entered, and ſaid a ſtrange gentleman enquired for his Maſter. "A French *Mounſeer*, Sir," added he; "I took him, by his lingo, for the mounſeer who dreſſes my lady's hair when ſhe is in London, but he called himſelf by ſome French title, that I ſuppoſe ſignifies as good as a lord here, and I ſaid, I would acquaint you he was below."

Mr. Godfrey did not recollect any foreigner, from whom he could expect the favour of a viſit, but deſired the gentleman might be ſhewn up.

What

What was the aſtoniſhment of himſelf and Mary to behold the Chevalier de Beaumont.

Mr. Godfrey received him politely, and the Chevalier expreſſed his raptures in all the fluency and ſtrong terms of his language.

He ſaid, "he had procured the addreſs to Hampton, in Pall Mall, from remembering Miſs Hadleigh's family reſided there."

Mr. Godfrey ſaid, "had he known his intentions of coming to England, he doubtleſs would have particularized where he was to live, before they parted at Paris."

"Why," replied the Chevalier, "could I have exiſted any longer in a different kingdom, from all I hold dear?—you would not have ſeen me now,"—with this he caſt his eyes ſo expreſſively on Mary, that ſhe

was

was ſeized with a tremor, and involuntary turned her's on Hadleigh, who appeared not wholly to approve the new gueſt, though he could not avoid being flattered by the reſerved air with which ſhe received his attentions.

But the Chevalier was viewed by honeſt Matthew leſs cordially than by any perſon.

He had uſhered him into the room—ſeen him fly to his young lady—ſeen him kiſs her hand, with every token of joy and admiration.

Matthew was diſguſted by ſuch a conduct.

"Some Men there are love not a gaping Pig,"
"Some who are mad if they behold a Cat."

And Matthew's antipathy was a Frenchman.

National

National prejudice is excuſable where want of education and experience preclude a liberal way of thinking; but thoſe who ought to know better, too often imbibe the confined notions which governed Matthew.

He found himſelf ſo much alarmed leſt his Miſtreſs ſhould encourage ſuch *outlandiſh* aſſurance, that he reſolved to have all the ocular demonſtration in his power; therefore when the tea equipage was rung for, he took it up inſtead of Anthony. But thinking more of the Chevalier than his buſineſs, he with great deliberation and ſome difficulty placed the urn on the *cat* before the fire, and the toaſt on the ſtand appropriated for *that*, and then aſked Miſs Godfrey if ſhe choſe the *Mounſeer*, though he meant the table, any near

er

er to her; Miſs Newland and the young Mordants quite forgot the *Polite Earl's* prohibition; indeed all the company ſmiled, except the Chevalier, who from neither obſerving the tranſaction, or underſtanding Engliſh, imagined the laugh was againſt him, having heard of the incivility of the Engliſh amuſing themſelves at the expence of foreigners. Mr. Godfrey dreaded ſuch a conſtruction, and partly explained the matter, when the Chevalier joined in the mirth.

SYMPATHY.

The Chevalier took his abode at Godfrey Hall that night by invitation, and Mr. Godfrey did not much expect

expect he would ſtay longer, but no ſymptoms of his departure appeared.

His behaviour to Mary, from its particularity, was diſtreſſing, yet not ſo pointed as to bear exception. It proved, however, a ſtimulation to Hadleigh, who clearly avowed his preference to her of all other women. A young woman's emotions on hearing ſuch an avowal, from the man ſhe moſt approves, ſeldom ſhew themſelves in words.

It ſeemed to Mary as if all power of expreſſion failed; ſhe could only for ſome moments leave Hadleigh to gueſs, that her agitation did not proceed from diſpleaſure.

The gentle ſweetneſs of her countenance led him to conſtrue in his own favour. He was emboldened to urge his ſuit, and gained her permiſſion to refer it to her father.

Hadleigh

Hadleigh flew for that purpoſe, and Mary ſought Mrs. Maddel whoſe counſel and confidence ſhe ever looked on as ſome of her happieſt reſources.

In croſſing the gallery to attain Mrs. Maddel's apartment, ſhe was ſtopped by the Chevalier who entreated her moſt ardently to grant him ten minutes audience.— "Excuſe me now, Sir, I beſeech you," returned ſhe, impatient of delay, but he detained her hand and led her to the breakfaſt room, where to his great diſappointment was ſeated Miſs Newland; "ah!" ſaid ſhe, "hand in hand like the babes in the wood, and perhaps you chuſe to be as retired;" a ſatirical glance accompanying her words. "I will convince you I do not," replied Mary, and haſtily left the room, by which

means, the Chevalier was left tête a tête with Miſs Newland, inſtead of the perſon he wiſhed.

Emilia had hoped from the hour of his arrival, to attract his notice, but was hitherto unſucceſsful in every attempt; ſhe thought this an inviting opportunity, ſeeing him chagrined and melancholy, ſhe heaved a kind of ſuppreſſed ſigh, yet ſo loud that he could not avoid hearing it.

"Ah!" ſaid he, in French, "is there any perſon in this houſe unhappy beſides myſelf?"

"Perhaps there may," returned Emilia, "and if we have not miſfortunes of our own, we are in this country much addicted to ſympathy."

The Chevalier viewed her, as ſhe ſaid this, more attentively than he had yet done; a certain expreſſion

of her eyes encouraged him to believe ſhe would ſerve him if in her power; and a form not devoid of graces, ſeemed very well calculated to juſtify and even inſpire the compliments requiſite as *douceurs*.

To begin with a good grace, he told her "he could eaſily conceive *ſympathy* and every gentle virtue dwelt in her boſom, and might he be deemed worthy to call them forth, ſhe would tell him if ſhe was in Miſs Godfrey's confidence."

"Suppoſe I am, can you expect me to betray it?—but I have not that honour:— in Miſs Godfrey's affairs I am only a common ſpectator."

"Then tell me, charming Miſs Newland, if you ſuſpect ſhe has any attachment that can interfere with my hopes; but ſhe ſhall not," added

he, vehemently,—"I will *hope* or die."

"Stop this impetuous ſtrain, my good Chevalier, or I have nothing to ſay to you."

He made ſome ſubmiſſions, and ſhe proceeded;— "Suppoſe then Miſs Godfrey, ſhould preſume to have a preference, and that preference ſo obvious, that not a ſhadow of doubt remains, you ſurely muſt ſuffer it, as a perſon without authority in the buſineſs. As one not unequal to the contradictions in this life you muſt ſubmit; ſhew yourſelf wiſe then by living, inſtead of puſillanimouſly giving up the ghoſt."

Miſs Newland had ſaid enough to diſtract the Chevalier; he called her inhuman, if that was compaſſionate *ſympathy*, might her heart ever be hardened againſt him; yet

if

if it was in her nature to adminiſter one ray of comfort, he implored her to tell him the name of the fortunate, but hateful Being Miſs Godfrey diſtinguiſhed.

"No," ſaid Miſs Newland, "I beg to be excuſed, if you are blind, the Lord open your eyes; I ſee your intellects are deranged, ſo whilſt I am ſafe, will eſcape," and running away, in pretended affright, left the Chevalier to his cogitations; they by no means ſtrayed from the ſubject, Miſs Newland's hint of his being blind, convinced him he had ſeen Mary in company with her favourite, of courſe, he ſoon pitched on the right perſon. Another duel was the firſt inſtigation of revenge, but recollecting how little influence his laſt affair of that nature procured him over the grand object of his

purſuit, he determined with all the deliberation he could aſſume to adopt ſome mode of injuring Hadleigh's views without appearing as the author, and thereby defeat his own; yet he felt as if the undertaking required deeper plans than he was maſter of, and Miſs Newland ſtruck him as one who might be an able aſſiſtant.

PAINFUL ANTICIPATION.

Mary in communing with her father and Mrs. Maddel on Hadleigh's converſation, and meeting every encouragement from their kindneſs and approbation forgot the Chevalier's earneſtneſs to gain her attention, and he being otherwiſe employed, did not remind her.

The

The holidays were then over, Mr. Mansfield grew impatient, therefore the Mordant party quitted Godfrey Hall in order to accelerate the wedding.

The Chevalier who ſeemed much to prize his introduction into ſo pleaſant a family accompanied them, as did Lady and Miſs Newland, the latter did not fail to take leave of the Carters, rather hoping Auguſtus would follow her to purſue his devoirs, but ſhe ſaid, "if his parents appeared in London, ſhe muſt certainly *cut* them."

The family at Godfrey Hall in loſing ſo large a party, conſiſting moſtly of thoſe ſo much loved and eſteemed, felt infinite regret, but promiſed to rejoin them on being apprized of the time fixed for Miſs Hadleigh's nuptials.

In the mean time Mary repeated in memory, the many happy hours ſhe had paſſed in Hadleigh's company.

Their union was only deferred till he attained his deſtined Living, which it was ſuppoſed would be in leſs than ſix months.

Mr. Godfrey could not think of reſigning his daughter devoid of ſome pangs, he blamed himſelf becauſe her happineſs in the change was almoſt indubitable; but the emotions naturally raiſed by the tendereſt affection are not eaſily quelled; however, he confined his uneaſineſs to his own boſom, and ſtrove to enjoy, unallayed, the winning filial attentions ſhe more than ever ſtudied to evince.

Mary would have reſigned even Hadleigh, rather than give her father reaſon to ſuppoſe a new attachment

weakened

weakened thoſe ties which paternal tenderneſs ſo ſtrongly cemented.

As a daughter, Mary's conduct was ever exemplary;— indulgence with her was a ſtimulative to deſerve it; neither filling her with vanity or caprice.

From her father's judgement ſhe deſired no appeal; and by following it implicitly ſhe became capable of judging for herſelf, in a manner far ſuperior to her years. Her innate propriety diffuſed itſelf in her perſon and addreſs,—every geſture eaſy and natural,—pourtrayed ſenſe and delicacy,—her countenance wore the livelieſt traits of ſincerity and good humour, ſo that before ſhe ſpoke, ſhe invited friendſhip, and her voice enſured it.

ADVICE FOR ABSENT LOVERS.

Miſs Newland had no ſooner left Hampton, than the Carters held a conſultation for ways and means to forward the alliance their hearts were ſet on.

Auguſtus propoſed following her immediately, but Mr. Carter ſaid, "ſuch great haſte would leſſen his conſequence,"

"Very true, papa," ſaid Wilhelmina, "I would not have my brother violently eager; yet that Emilia's abſence may ſeem to have made him unhappy, he ſhould live low to reduce himſelf; and a few bliſters, bleeding emetics, &c. would vaſtly aſſiſt the languor of his appearance."

"Peace,"

"Peace," ſaid her mother, warmly, "would you be the death of your brother? true love has no need of ſuch arts,—his *genuine* feelings are already too many for his peace of mind; ah! he takes after me, but I think it is a great pity he ſhould not follow the tender dictates of his paſſion, and go to London directly."

"He ſhall *not*," replied Mr. Carter; "a few days hence we will all go, and by moving in a body ſhew due ſtate."

His lady and daughter were charmed with the plan, but Auguſtus had hoped by going alone, to have the full uſe of his wings fluttering as fancy bent his courſe: he found to his diſappointment the cage of family authority, was ſtill to impriſon him, and he was too fond of his ſweet

perſon to endanger it by beating againſt the iron work.

Mr. Carter had no Town houſe, but always made a home there of his wife's brother's, who was a druggiſt in the city:— accordingly a letter was written to Mr. Smithſon, announcing their intentions, and they only waited for an anſwer to purſue them.

THE FINE LADY DISCONCERTED.

Lady Newland and her daughter occupied furniſhed lodgings, not many doors from Mr. Mordant's:— the Chevalier almoſt lived with them, and in every company ſeemed to prefer Miſs Newland's converſation.

Her mother was not diſpleaſed, thinking if ſhe really formed a ſeri-

ous

ous attachment it might be the happy means of rendering her more rational and reſpectable.

Lady Newland knew nothing to the Chevalier's diſadvantage; and had ſeen him treated with conſideration by Mr. Godfrey, whom ſhe eſteemed an oracle; his faſhion and fortune were inconteſtable; but her Ladyſhip from the Chevalier's conduct at *that time*, had no occaſion to intereſt herſelf in his character, any farther than granting him her acquaintance juſtified.

He only converſed with her daughter then, to gain her aſſiſtance in views where ſhe was no way concerned, yet ſomething reſtrained him from actually requeſting it.

He was not convinced, though Emilia was ſlighty, that ſhe was ſufficiently invidious to form machinations, which might ruin the peace

of

of thoſe ſhe called friends; and upon examining his own breaſt he found revenge leſs potent than when he firſt heard of his rival:—the Chevalier was impetuous, but malice ebbed with paſſion.

After Mary left Paris he was enveloped in deſpair, till a young lady from Italy rouſed his admiration; unfortunately he heard ſhe was engaged, and ſoon after ſhe was married. His thoughts again reverted to Mary, and he came to England: whilſt he ſaw her at Hampton, her charms increaſed his ardency; in London he was not dazzled by them; Miſs Newland ſtudied to pleaſe him and was not far from ſucceeding; though if the Chevalier had been told of ſuch an effect from her ſociety, he would not have believed it.

Matters

Matters were thus ſituated when the Carters arrived at Mr. Smithſon's. The morning after their arrival the coach, containing the whole family, ſtopped at Lady Newland's; Emilia ſcreamed as ſhe ſaw them alight,—"It is impoſſible to appear with them," ſaid ſhe; "aſſiſt me, dear Madam, to diſcourage them:" before Lady Newland could anſwer, they were announced.

She was not biaſſed, however, by her daughter's requeſt, but received them as any other indifferent viſitors, whilſt Miſs Newland betrayed a coolneſs and formality which made them ſtare. Wilhelmina's *ſweet friends* were anſwered by Ma'am. To Auguſtus indeed ſhe was leſs reſerved, thinking if he viſited them by himſelf he might paſs in the croud, and

individually

individually increaſe the number of her ſlaves.

The Carters did not ſtay long, but hoped for the pleaſure of ſeeing Lady and Miſs Newland at Mr. Smithſon's. When the card appeared mentioning Mr. Smithſon, *Druggiſt*, and in the City *too*, Emilia could not conceal the ſmile of contempt, and they had hardly turned their backs when ſhe exclaimed, "ſhe was ſuffocated with the ſmell of aſſa-fœtida and valerian," throwing up the ſaſh for air, then ſatirizing all their motions.

"Is it not ſurpriſing," ſaid Lady Newland, "that whilſt you deſpiſe folly and affectation in the family juſt gone, you cannot refrain from them yourſelf; I hope you will one day be convinced, my dear Emilia, that by expoſing our neighbours failings, we render our own more glaring:

ing: I confeſs I am not ſorry ſince you made the Carters ſubſervient to your diverſion at Hampton, they will, by joining us in London, be inſtruments of your mortification."

Miſs Newland pouted at this lecture, but the entrance of the Chevalier recalled her ſmiles.

AN INTERESTING SUMMONS.

The day to unite Mr. Mansfield and Miſs Hadleigh, was fixed about a week after their arrival in London, for the Thurſday in the enſuing week.

On the Saturday preceding it, Hadleigh rode to Hampton to carry the information:—He found Mary buſily engaged inſtructing her little charge

charge Betsy Jenkins. The summons she expected, and was very ready to obey it, as were Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Maddel.

Hadleigh was much pleased to find himself at Godfrey Hall, chatting to Mary and her friends; he told them of the Carters arrival in London.

Mary said "she knew they were gone and was making up her mind to meet them there, it being best to endure with a tolerable grace the inconveniences most pleasures were checquered with."

Hadleigh smiled at her philosophy, saying, "she should transfer a part to Miss Newland, who lost all patience at their presuming to join her parties."

Mary was surprised,—she replied, "Miss Newland appeared partial to the family when at Hampton."

"True

"True," ſaid Hadleigh, "but ſhe remembers there is a time for loving, and a time for hating; her time for loving whilſt the party adminiſters to her amuſements, and the reverſe when they interfere with them."

Mary found from this expoſition, ſhe had a great deal to learn before ſhe could congratulate herſelf on a knowledge of the World, but was ready to pray if "*Knowledge of the World* made men Knaves, ſhe might ever remain in ignorance."

THE SLEEPING MENDICANT.

On Sunday morning after Church, Mary rode accompanied by Hadleigh, to viſit Mr. and Mrs. Conway.

As they were returning through Buſhy Park, they ſaw a man aſleep on

on the graſs, whoſe cloathing ſeemed ill ſuited to the inclement ſeaſon.

His wallet lay beſide him, of which a dog had emptied the contents, and was gnawing a bone already bare.—Hadleigh and Mary took a nearer view of the ſleeping object, meaning to make him ſome amends for the dog's robbery, when Mary exclaimed, "She knew him well."

It was no other than Jenkins, who ſhe was both ſurpriſed to ſee, and ſhocked at the pitiful plight he appeared in.

As the father of a little girl whom had become tenderly intereſting;—as a diſtreſſed being, Jenkins claimed her particular attention, and waking him ſhe deſired him to go immediately to Godfrey Hall. Her benevolent tones were familiar to him, he aroſe in order to obey, but was ſo emaciated

emaciated he could neither ſpeak or walk with his former alacrity.

He ſaid, "he was going to Hampton to lay his bones near his poor wife's, for he was too ill to live much longer."

Mary replied, "he looked ill, indeed," and compaſſionately bidding him make what haſte his ſtrength would admit, rode on. When ſhe got home ſhe told her father of the gueſt ſhe had invited, adding, "the condition ſhe found him in, quelled every ſentiment but pity."

"Sickneſs," ſaid Mr. Godfrey, "is a pleader humanity cannot reſiſt," and as he ſpoke Jenkins appeared to illuſtrate his argument.

Betſy knew her father, though ſo much altered, and clinging round him aſked for her mother, adding, "Miſs Godfrey tells me ſhe is gone

to

to a better place than Godfrey Hall; but how can that be? for I have nice rooms and gardens to play in, and apples and cakes becauſe I am good."

Jenkins ſeemed almoſt over-powered by his child's joy, ſo Mary bid her play with her father another time. Matthew was deſired to take good care of him, which he literally obeyed, giving him every neceſſary refreſhment, and cloathing him in his own cloaths.

After dinner Jenkins finiſhed the nap that had been interrupted in the Park, in a more comfortable place, which infinitely recruited him; and with Matthew's habiliments made him look ſo much better that Betſy pulled him by his coat into the parlour to ſhew Miſs Godfrey a difference,

ence, that marvellouſly delighted her own little heart.

TRAITS OF A WANDERER.

"Ah! my dear," ſaid Jenkins, "were I as innocent as you, I ſhould not be aſhamed to appear before their honours." Mr. Godfrey encouraged him, ſaying, "if he abjured his former practices they would not be remembered to his diſadvantage."

"You was always good, ſir," replied he,—"to be ſure as the ſaying is, it is better to repent late than never;— I always thought it a fine thing to be a traveller, but the ſhifts I have been put to ſince I left Hampton, have taken away my reliſh for that life."

"What

"What have you been doing," ſaid Mary, "ſo miſerably to reduce you?"

"I firſt belonged, my Lady, to a gang of Gipſies, who for the ſake of my fiddle, ſometimes regaled me with the lights of pigs, and necks of turkies, with which they occaſionally made free; but their bed was worſe than their board, as I ſlept continually on the ground, by which means I loſt the uſe of my right arm, ſo being no longer able to give them a tune, they ſent me adrift: indeed I might have taken myſelf off long before for what I got by them, but their humour ſuited my own: *chearful ſociety* was always the joy of my life, and the walnut coloured gentry were merry as the day was long. After bidding them farewell, I carried my fiddle about, and my lameneſs

lameneſs procured me a few half-pence daily, which juſt ſerved to keep life and ſoul together. In order to mend the matter, I ſold my old friend and companion for a mere trifle, and ſoon after my arm got well. Then I was worſe off than ever, for having neither fiddle or lameneſs, I had no means of ſupport: I wiſhed to reach my own pariſh, but want of food deprived me of ſtrength to undertake ſuch a journey; at laſt I bethought myſelf, though I was unworthy, your honours were charitable, therefore ſet out from London to aſk your pardon and relief, but when I got as far as Buſhy Park my heart failed me, and ſitting down to gain courage, through wearineſs, I fell aſleep."

Mr. Godfrey told Jenkins, "if he was really ſerious in abandoning

a vagrant life, he ſhould not want a friend in aſſiſting him to lead a better."

Jenkins made numerous aſſeverations, and bowing thankfully, left the room.

"I fear," ſaid Mr. Godfrey, "Bob is penitent more from neceſſity than choice; time alone will ſhew; and if he ſtays here, while we are in London, we ſhall judge from Matthew's account when we return, if we may expect from him in future, more induſtry and ſolidity."

"I think, ſir," replied Mary, "your goodneſs cannot fail to make ſome impreſſion; and I wiſh for Betſy's ſake, if ſhe lives, he may not be deſpicable."

It ſtruck Mary ſhe had been hitherto rather remiſs, not to aſk the name of Mrs. Jenkins's parents, thinking

thinking they might not extend their anger to the child, and their countenance as ſhe grew up, would doubtleſs be both a pleaſure and ſervice to her; Mary therefore ſpoke to Jenkins on the ſubject, and he informed her the old people's name was Daviſon, mentioning a town were they lived on the borders of Wales. "I do not wonder, Madam," ſaid he, "that you never made the enquiry of my poor wife, who was in agonies latterly whenever ſhe thought of them."

Mary determined when ſhe returned from London to write to Mr. or Mrs. Daviſon, informing them of their little relative under her care.

She hoped they would not wiſh her to part from Betſy, reſolving her promiſe to the dying mother, of watching over her child, ſhould be inviolably adhered to.

LOVE TRANSFERRED.

On Monday morning the Godfrey family accompanied Hadleigh to London: on their arrival in Pall Mall, they found a party was to dine there, conſiſting of Lady and Miſs Newland, the Chevalier de Beaumont, and the Carters.

At four o'clock they aſſembled,—Mrs. and Miſs Carter ſo wonderfully *Londonized* in their decorations, that their country neighbours could ſcarcely recognize them.

They expreſſed themſelves vaſtly pleaſed at being in London. "We are grown ſad rakes," ſaid Mrs. Carter, "but we ſhall return to the refined pleaſures of the country with greater zeſt.

"Certainly,

"Certainly," ſaid Miſs Newland; "I wonder, Madam, one of your *ſentimental* way of thinking can endure London: you muſt hourly have your feelings injured by worldly follies and faſhions: an uninterrupted retirement, according to my idea, muſt ſuit you infinitely beſt."

Mrs. Carter's *feelings* did not inform her this ſpeech was meant to ridicule them, but rather taking it as complimentary, ſhe replied, "people muſt go into life for the ſake of their children, whoſe youth required a mother's tenderneſs and *example*."

Miſs Newland wiſhed Mrs. Carter to have ſaid ſomething ſtill more abſurd, but finding ſhe could not draw her forth to her ſatisfaction, ſhe turned to the Chevalier, exultingly engroſſing his converſation, to ſhew

Mary the intimacy that had taken place.

Mary envied her not; on the contrary, rejoiced in being ſomewhat freed from the Chevalier's *tendreſſe*, and more at liberty to receive Hadleigh's, who was ſtudiouſly particular in diſtinguiſhing her, ſince his overtures had been ſo well received.

The Chevalier ſtill treated Mary with the deference her uncommon advantage excited, but Miſs Newland had actually made the beſt uſe of her time, and taken faſt hold of his admiration,—the caſe had even become clear to himſelf.

Auguſtus Carter, with all his vanity, began to ſuſpect he had a rival. His ſiſter told him he was too baſhful, therefore he reſolved to aſſume more courage; but the Chevalier ſtill diſtanced him, and if a ſmile

now

now and then, though perhaps it was a contemptuous one, had not kept his flame alive, he would have been tempted to have totally withdrawn himſelf.

THE FAIR BRIDESMAID.

The important day to Conſtance and her friends arrived, and Mary did her utmoſt to ſupport the ſpirits of the amiable bride; for though they were generally in the happy medium between grave and gay, they were on this occaſion much depreſſed.

Yet Conſtance endeavoured to exert herſelf, and as a ſerioufneſs on her part was not ſurpriſing, no one pained her by noticing it. Mansfield ſeemed to have all her vivacity added to his own; Hadleigh too

was all gaiety, perhaps from an idea he ſhould ſoon be equally happy. Mary appeared more charming than ever; as brideſmaid ſhe had more particularly united elegance with her uſual neatneſs, and exhibited a figure beyond imagination attractive.

Mary was juſt of a height to be called tall, without exceeding the ſtature truly graceful: the moſt perfect ſymmetry completed her form. Her countenance both handſome and bewitching, diſplayed eyes of the darkeſt blue, with long laſhes and well formed eye-brows of dark brown.

The expreſſion of her eyes alternately changed with occaſion, mildly beaming gentle ſympathy when they beheld diſtreſs, or ſparkling in the participation of joy; on her friend's nuptials they were illumined in an extra-

extraordinary degree. Hadleigh viewed her with adoration.

The bridal party only conſiſted of the Mordant and Godfrey families; they did not expreſs their ſatisfaction by vociferous mirth, but the day paſſed off very pleaſantly. Sir Robert Mansfield, who lived in Wales, apologized for not attending his ſon's wedding, but requeſted to ſee him and his bride as ſoon as poſſible after the ceremony.

In about a fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield propoſed accepting the invitation; in the mean time they intreated Mary's company in Portman Square, and ſhe complied, leaving her father and Mrs. Maddel in Pall-Mall.

Mrs. Mansfield's firſt viſitors were Lady and Miſs Newland, and the

Chevalier, whoſe aſſiduity about Emilia ſeemed to increaſe.

The Carters too paid their reſpects in form; ſtill remaining in London, under the idea that Auguſtus would ſucceed with Miſs Newland, who really gave him no reaſon to deſpair, though ſhe pointedly encouraged the Chevalier.

Auguſtus was of a paſſive nature, and required little exertion to retain; Emilia, ever miſchievous, rather wiſhed a *fracas* between him and her French lover, thinking ſuch an affair would exalt her as a *belle*, and prove wonderfully amazing.

ALARM.

ALARMING APPREHENSIONS.

It is very poſſible, by purſuing one favorite ſcheme, to defeat another ſtill more ſo.

Lady Newland being from home one morning, Auguſtus Carter when he called to pay his devoirs, found himſelf *tête à tête* with Emilia, a ſituation he was by no means prepared for; it was certainly incumbent on him to ſpeak, but what the ſubject ſhould be, was the mighty point in queſtion: he appeared to debate it mentally, till perplexity, in the garb of aukward confuſion, rendered him almoſt pitiable.

Emilia did not, as ſhe was wont to do, augment diſtreſs of ſuch a nature,

but relieved it by the moſt bewitching ſmiles, and words ſo re-aſſuring, that he was inſpired with ſufficient temerity to remind her of his paſſion, and moreover ventured to take her hand,—at that inſtant the Chevalier entered the room.

Miſs Newland eſſayed to look confuſed, but in fact was gratified the Chevalier ſhould witneſs the *manœuvre*.

He came fully determined to ſpeak that morning on a ſubject very intereſting to himſelf, and which Emilia had long been anxious to hear him on; but finding her ſo ſituated with young Carter, his love was, for the time, converted into rage and jealouſy. He walked angrily about the room, caſting looks of ineffable diſdain on both parties.

Emilia began to think ſhe had gone too far; Auguſtus felt mortified after

after his moments of triumph; but determined, by carrying home an account of the reception he had met with, to regain his conſequence, he therefore took leave immediately.

The Chevalier, without ſpeaking to Emilia, followed him down ſtairs, and joining him in the ſtreet, aſked him in broken Engliſh, what pretenſions he had to addreſs Miſs Newland? The tone of the interrogation did not make Auguſtus eloquent;—in faultering accents he replied, "*I don't know.*" "But *I* will *know*," ſaid the Chevalier,—and walked another way.

Auguſtus threw himſelf into a coach; and when he got home, with an alarming agitation, exclaimed, "Heaven only knows how this affair will end!" Mrs. Carter applied a ſmell-

a ſmelling bottle, anxiouſly enquiring the cauſe of his diſorder.

He related the Chevalier's diſpleaſure,— "Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "I am congealed with horror! my apprehenſions deſtroy me!--no wonder, my dear child, your gentle nature is thus affected; the barbarous Frenchman would run his ſword through you with as much pleaſure, as I have ſeen you run pins through flies; but if Miſs Newland was the daughter of a Ducheſs, you ſhould not ſtay to be murdered for her." So ordering the coach, ſhe hurried her ſon into it, and drove with him to Hampton; leaving Wilhelmina, who was laughing in a corner, to account to Mr. Carter, who was then from home, for their ſudden departure.

When he returned, and his daughter related the tranſactions of the morning,

morning, he laconically called his wife *fool*, and set off immediately to abuse her personally, for acting without his concurrence.

Wilhelmina accompanied her father, though something loath to quit London.

Thus the Carters were put to flight. It is certain the Chevalier, in his first moments of rage, thought of having recourse to his sword; but when he reflected on Carter's insignificance, the youth appeared beneath his notice. His jealous doubts too of Miss Newland subsided in considering it was possible for a male creature to touch her hand, without being encouraged in serious designs. Therefore resolving to behave *a la coutûme*, he returned to drink tea at Lady Newland's.

Emilia was aſtoniſhed to ſee a calm ſo quickly ſucceed the tempeſt, and thought it was her turn to be piqued, yet being ſeriouſly afraid of loſing him, ſhe attempted no further commotion.

The Chevalier, however, was not perfectly in uniſon for the propoſals he had intended making in the morning, and deferred them.

His attentions had been too particular to be miſconſtrued; but Lady Newland began to think it expedient he ſhould be more explicit.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

The fortnight which Mary paſſed in Portman Square was expired within a few days, when Mrs. Mansfield ſaid to her, in a beſeeching tone,

tone, "ſhe had a favour to aſk, and unleſs it was granted, her happineſs would be incomplete."

Mary half gueſſed it was for her to accompany them into Wales, and was perfectly right. Mary objected to leaving her father, but was induced to ſay he ſhould determine for her.

Mr. Godfrey could not deny his daughter the enjoyment of a pleaſing tour in the ſociety of ſuch particular friends; to have detained her would have been ſelfiſh; a ſentiment infinitely beneath his affection.

Mrs. Maddel conſented to remain in Pall Mall, during Mary's abſence. Her father propoſed being more there than at home; thus leaving her friends in company ever agreeable to them, ſhe chearfully accompanied the new married couple.

After

After a pleaſant journey, in which Mary feaſted her eyes with the moſt enchanting proſpects, ſhe arrived at Mountain Grove, the ſeat of Sir Robert Mansfield:— Their reception was plain and hearty.

The Baronet told his ſon, "he had a bright choice;" on being introduced to Mary, he declared her a *nice laſs*, and wiſhed Mr. Madden's doctrine was in vogue, or he had another ſon for her."

Mary ſmiled at the good humoured compliment, but thought if he had fifty ſons, they would not one of them rival Hadleigh, whoſe promiſe to join them a fortnight before their return, palliated the little uneaſineſs parting for a ſhort time occaſioned.

The family at Mountain Grove, conſiſted of Sir Robert, his ſiſter, a maiden lady on the verge of fifty, her

her favourite tortoiſe-ſhell cat, which conſtantly graced the elbow of her chair, and various domeſticks. Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield was ſomewhat ſingular in her character, as well as perſon.

Bred at a time when education and experience were not thought ſo generally neceſſary for women as at this period, the art of cookery, the firſt rules of arithmetic, with ſome few religious books, had been her chief ſtudies; and fifty miles farther than ſhe lived in Wales, the extent of her travels. A good underſtanding in ſome reſpects, appeared deficient from neglect, but in point of ſuperſtition, it was too replete; which from neglect alſo, had in her earlieſt days taken firm root; yet if her opinions were wrongly biaſſed, her heart was invariably benevolent;

ever

ever ſtudying to mitigate diſtreſs, and to promote the comfort of the ſociety ſhe lived in, ſhe dwelt with her brother in the moſt perfect amity; who having a juſt ſenſe of her innate merit, excuſed her particularities; indeed he had ſome few himſelf, which, as well as Mrs. Elizabeth's, might ariſe from living a long time unmarried, Lady Mansfield having been dead more than twenty years: for an union where the heart is concerned, inſpires conformity, and thereby leſſens the influence of inherent prejudices.

THE PROPERTIES OF MASQUES.

Sir Robert Mansfield was generally diſtinguiſhed for a happy flow of ſpirits, which only the gout could oppreſs;

oppreſs; the company of his children and their amiable young friend, ſeemed to increaſe his natural hilarity.

The Baronet, as a man, had not received many more advantages of education than his ſiſter; but having ſeen enough of the world to diſcover the utility of letters, he determined to accompliſh his ſon, in whom he now found both credit and happineſs; to publiſh his joy, he kept open houſe for almoſt the whole country, which brought a larger concourſe to Mountain Grove, than Mary, from the retirement of the ſituation, could have thought poſſible: diſſipation ſeemed removed from London to Wales.—The daughter of a neighbouring gentleman even whiſpered Sir Robert, that on ſuch an occaſion he ſhould give them a maſqued ball. Sir Robert was remarkably indulgent to young

young people but would not comply, ſaying, "honeſt faces ſhould not be concealed; maſques," he added, "were emblems of hypocriſy, ſubterfuges for the ugly, and only fit for the ill-natured cynic, whoſe diſguſting frowns might interrupt mirth." The Miſs Morgans were chagrined at their ill ſucceſs, having laid awake the whole night planning ſhepherdeſſes dreſſes out of yellow damaſk gowns, and agreeing that their father's night-gown might eaſily be converted into a domino, which a lady from London had given them ſome idea of. Being diſappointed with the Baronet, they applied to Mrs. Elizabeth: in that they were wrong, as ſhe made it a principle never to contradict her brother.—Contradiction was an evil he could not brook; from his ſuperior ſituation,

tion, his opinions were received without diſpute, if not, perhaps, his temper might have been leſs harmonious, which makes it appear he was only good humoured when pleaſed; and no ſmall merit neither, as many perſons will not acknowledge a ſatisfaction if they feel it; whereas Sir Robert never reſted till he diffuſed all he experienced.

Mary ſeemed to ſhare the good Baronet's affection equally with his daughter; Conſtance, ſo far from being jealous of her father-in-law's attentions to her friend, thought her own diſcernment flattered by every diſtinction Mary received.

Both ladies were immenſe favourites with Mrs. Elizabeth; they lent a willing ear to her ſtories of *ghoſts*, and miraculous forebodings, and ſtroaked her cat; which were con-

condeſcenſions ſhe did not always meet with.

Mary wrote a few lines to her father, the day ſhe arrived, and ſoon afterwards a long letter.

To Mr. GODFREY.

My dear FATHER,

" I already miſs your converſation, ever entertaining and inſtructive; but ſince I cannot hear you, I will chat to you, therefore ſeize my pen as a pleaſant reſource. It is a happy circumſtance to be expert in alleviating diſquiets as we feel the force of them; and after congratulating myſelf on ſuch a quality, I proceed to inform you I am vaſtly delighted both with Sir Robert and Mrs. Elizabeth; I find good cheer, and, what is far better, *good humour* are

are the conſtant inmates of Mountain Grove.

"We are gay to a degree, I have made at leaſt a dozen conqueſts, and if a certain perſon does not very ſoon make his appearance, I fear, I ſhall be ſoon wrought on to take ſome kind Taffy for better for worſe—I ſay *I fear*, becauſe I might run the hazard of *ſome* cenſures,—think you, my dear ſir, any danger impends?

The weather is extremely favourable; I ſometimes make a party with Mrs. Elizabeth and the young kids; but the former, good ſoul! tarries behind, and the kids being more uſed to ſuch excurſions, ſkip before, ſo that I am generally left mid-way, to combat with all the faries and hobgoblins, which Mrs. Elizabeth aſſures me have frequent revels in theſe parts; neither is ſhe alone in this

opinion; there doubtleſs muſt be ſome miſchievous perſons intent on aggravating the ſuperſtition that prevails, and if ſo, whilſt the eyes are deceived, reaſon will not be heard.

"I hope, my dear ſir, you are all well in Pall Mall,—and that you found Betſey ſo at Hampton.—Is her father in a promiſing way?—fifty queſtions occur which the poſt will appear tedious in anſwering. I find the village where Mr. and Mrs. Daviſon live, is not more than thirty miles from hence, ſo that I ſhall certainly make them a viſit, and I truſt the reſult will be ſo far favourable to our young charge, as to procure her the affection at leaſt of ſuch near relations.

"I muſt inform you, I had a letter yeſterday from Mr. Hadleigh, and propoſe

propoſe anſwering it: I am going to write alſo to Mrs. Maddel.

"I ought to give you a deſcription of this country ſo new to me, but I recollect it is not ſo to you. As ſtrangers, Conſtance and I have been ſhewn all the *Lions*, of which one of the moſt conſiderable is a cave, wherein it is ſaid a man entered and walked all the way under-ground from thence to London; we viewed the entrance, which appears to me ſo tremendous, that when I return to London, I ſhall not, I promiſe you, chuſe that road. It is not clear to me that the accommodations are very excellent, wherefore I prefer thoſe I can judge of from experience.

"I thank you, my dear ſir, for permitting me to take the journey hither,—I am inexpreſſibly pleaſed in witneſſing the happineſs my friend

Conſtance confers on this family: her amiable diſpoſition and manners could hardly fail to delight, and her moſt ſanguine wiſhes could not exceed the reception ſhe has met with. I am ſo fortunate as to find great favour alſo, in the ſight of Sir Robert and Mrs. Elizabeth. Humility does not prevent me from either ſeeing or mentioning the good opinions I inſpire; but it is ſo far prevalent as to convince me, all the merit I can boaſt, is derived from you and my dear Mrs. Maddel; ſuch are the beloved ſources to which the praiſe I meet with are due: thus with a heart ever full of love and gratitude,

I remain, your

MARY GODFREY."

LETTER

From Mr. HADLEIGH *to Miſs* GODFREY.

(Mentioned in the preceding.)

"Will you believe, my dear Mary, I had the audacity to be ſomewhat offended at your ready acquieſcence, in accompanying my ſiſter, knowing (as you did) that I was not to be of the party, and before you was certain that I could even join you.

"Becauſe my heart revolted at parting from you, I thought you wrong in going; but I now ſee my error, acknowledge you acted perfectly conſiſtent with your friendſhip for Conſtance, and reſolve in future, not to form a judgment from my own feelings, but *your* conduct, which propriety ever governs.

" I open our correſpondence with confeſſing a weakneſs I might have hidden; but how unworthy ſhould I be of the confidence with which my ingenuous Mary bleſſes me, did I reſerve a thought in which ſhe is concerned.

" I am going to-morrow with your father to Godfrey-Hall, where I ſhall rattle the keys of your Harpſichord, becauſe you ſo oft have preſſed them; and make Betſey talk of you from morn till night. The moſt flowery encomiums cannot do you more juſtice than her innocent plaudits; the fragrance of a lowly violet, my Mary, cannot be exceeded by a towering roſe, and by its grateful odours as clearly demonſtrates nature's lovelineſs

" If

"If you ſtray a moment from my thoughts, your image rebounds as it were with re-iterated force: ſay, Mary, are you equally engroſſed by my idea? but I will ſeek no further aſſurances than I have already gained: in them are comprized my preſent and future happineſs, of which your virtues and love form the baſis, and only the hand of ſickneſs can ſhake it, which Heaven avert!

"I hope Mansfield and my ſiſter increaſe your favorable opinion of the ſtate they have entered. It is imagined the Chevalier de Beaumont and Miſs Newland will ſhortly follow their example. The day after you left town, Lady Newland told my mother, "the Chevalier had made advantageous propoſals, which ſeemed highly agreeable to her daughter, and indeed were the ſame to her-

ſelf;" Will they not make a faſhionable pair?

"I propoſe ſeeing Mr. and Mrs. Conway whilſt I am at Hampton; I muſt alſo call on the Carters, and poſſibly may learn the cauſe of their ſudden departure from London.

"Miſs Newland ſarcaſtically ſays, "the young man apprehended a challenge from the Chevalier, and haſtened out of the way of it."

"Adieu! write to me and mitigate the irkſomeneſs of abſence. I wonder who firſt pictured Time with wings—ſurely ſome happy Being, ever near his moſt beloved; not one in a ſtate of ſeparation, like your faithful,

WILLIAM HADLEIGH."

ENCHANTMENTS OF VIRTUE.

Mary anſwered Hadleigh's letter, in an affectionate eaſy ſtrain, his profeſſions were welcome, becauſe ſhe had reaſon to believe them ſincere.

In a father, lover and friends, no creature was ever happier than Mary Godfrey, to the ſenſe of which ſhe was feelingly alive; adoring the providence that diſpenſed ſuch bleſſings, and evincing her gratitude by every good act in her power.

It was Mrs. Elizabeth's daily practice to viſit ſome of the neighbouring poor, and Mary, as a favour, begged to accompany her.

One family powerfully attracted her pity; it conſiſted of a man and his ſix children. From a paralytic

ſtroke, the unfortunate father, at the age of forty, became lame and blind, and the eldeſt daughter, though only ſixteen, had the whole care of attending him, and providing for her younger brothers and ſiſters.

Her induſtry was aſtoniſhing, ſhe ſpun and knit inceſſantly, ſcarcely allowing herſelf time to ſleep or eat; but ſhe would not undertake any employment that muſt ſeparate her from her father; her filial attachment gained her friends, but none beheld it with greater admiration than Mary, who declared herſelf ready to ſubſcribe largely to any plan for the relief of ſo much merit: accordingly a purſe was ſoon raiſed by the party at Mountain Grove, which enabled them to ſend the four youngeſt children to a decent ſchool, leaving the ſecond girl who, was about the age of twelve,

to

to aſſiſt her ſiſter at home; which *home*, Mary at her own expence made comfortable, by ſecuring it from chilling blaſts, and furniſhing it with ſuch neceſſaries as the poor man muſt feel, though he could not ſee.

Sally Llewen bleſſed her benefactreſs, and in her Welch dialect prayed, "ſhe might never behold a parent lame and blind."

Mary ſhuddered at the idea, the affliction appeared to her inſupportable; yet ſhe beheld an ignorant country girl endure it with reſignation.

Mrs. Elizabeth began to view Mary as a ſuperior Being; her voluntary aſſiſtance towards relieving indigence, the affability and gentle words which accompanied her every action, ſeemed more the offspring of a heavenly than a human mind; Mrs. Elizabeth did not ſay, however, ſhe was

an angel, but whiſpered both at home and abroad, " ſhe believed Miſs Godfrey to be a *good* fairy, who took the ſhape of a young lady to bleſs mankind." This report in a few days gained ſuch ground, that when ſhe walked out, the clowns humbled themſelves before her to the very earth: the children called out the fairy! the fairy!—and every door was thrown open at her approach.

No perſon had been more inured to tokens of reſpect and admiration, yet ſuch a mode of treatment was rather new and unaccountable.

Mrs. Elizabeth ſoon gave an explanation, who humbly begged to know if ſhe was right in her conjectures. Mary could not refrain from laughing, and aſſured her whimſical friend ſhe was a mere mortal; ſhe made ſome attempts to reaſon away

away the abſurdity of thinking otherwiſe.

Mrs. Elizabeth admired her grace and fluency and was heard to ſay, "It would be a fine thing if their Parſon could preach as well;" but ſtill remained unconvinced.

AN ELOPEMENT.

The next letters from London mentioned the return of Mr. Godfrey and Hadleigh from Hampton.

Mary depended on hearing of her little Betſey from both, but her name was omitted, and even the queſtion concerning Jenkins unanſwered:—ſhe could not help fearing the child was ill, or perhaps dead; ſo ſtrong were her apprehenſions, that ſhe deferred her propoſed journey to ſee

Mr. and Mrs. Daviſon, till ſhe heard again, and wrote directly expreſſing the anxiety ſhe felt.

In leſs than a week after, Hadleigh arrived at Mountain Grove, and gave her a letter from her father, in a manner that foreboded it contained ſomething unpleaſant.

"To Miſs GODFREY.

"I am grieved, my deareſt Mary, to interrupt your preſent gaiety and happineſs. I judge by my own feelings of what you will endure, when I inform you, Jenkins, after nearly recovering his health, at Godfrey Hall, has privately eſcaped with the dear innocent child, the uncertainty of whoſe fate is truely ſhocking: I could not bring myſelf to mention the diſtreſſing event in my laſt letter, thinking that before I wrote again,

we might be ſucceſsful in our indefatigable ſearch, but alas! it is eluded; though Jenkins only departed with his barbarous theft the morning I went to Hampton.

"The whole houſe, as you may ſuppoſe, was in the utmoſt confuſion; the ſervants dreaded my diſpleaſure; but I knew the child was ſo much beloved by them all, that ſhe had not wanted for every attention they could beſtow.

"Reſt aſſured, my dear, my pains to recover her ſhall be unremitting, and comfort yourſelf in knowing that infants are the peculiar care of heaven. "*It is not the will of our Father that one of ſuch little ones ſhould periſh.*"

"Mr. Hadleigh has haſtened his journey to conſole you,—be ſenſible

my

my child, of the numerous bleſſings you enjoy, and bear this trial with becoming reſignation.

Your ever affectionate father,

HENRY GODFREY."

Mary wept exceſſively, and required all the conſolation her friends could beſtow. Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield perceived ſhe ceaſed to enjoy Mountain Grove, from her impatience to move, in hopes of finding the child, therefore fixed the next week for their departure.

Sir Robert and his ſiſter lamented parting from their viſitors ſo ſoon; but on Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield promiſing to ſee them again in ſummer, they were better reconciled.

Sir Robert begged his little fairy would be of the party. Mary, who knew her name, anſwered ſhe would gladly

gladly (ſhould it be in her power) renew a viſit ſo charming.

Mrs. Elizabeth embraced her with tears in her eyes, ſaying, "if ſhe was not a fairy, ſhe was one of the beſt of God's creatures, and where ſuch a one took up their abode, no bad ſpirits could have any power."

Sally Llewen too, grieved to ſee Mary depart; the comforts beſtowed on her father penetrated her heart, but the poor man daily declined, to Sally's great affliction, who ſeemed to prefer ſeeing him lame and blind, to loſing him for ever.

BENEVOLENCE BETRAYED.

Mary rejoiced to ſee her father and Mrs. Maddel, after the longeſt abſence from them ſhe had ever known.

They

They had not heard any thing of Betſey, notwithſtanding repeated advertiſements, offering large rewards, and every probable effort to regain her.

Neither Mr. Godfrey or his daughter liked the thoughts of ſitting quietly down at Hampton, with their minds ſo oppreſſed; and a ſcheme occurred which ſeemed likely to give an agreeable change to the ſcene.

Lady Newland having given her daughter to the Chevalier de Beaumont, the new married couple ſet off immediately for Paris, and left her ladyſhip to return to Newland Houſe alone, which induced her to requeſt the favor of Mr. Godfrey, her friend Mrs. Maddel, and Mary, to accompany her down.

The invitation was pleaſing to the whole party, and gave Mr. Godfrey

an opportunity of perſonally ſettling his affairs in that country, Lady Newland's ſteward having written that a gentleman was in treaty for Godfrey Cottage.

The idea of reviſiting former ſcenes, made Mary more chearful than ſhe had been ſince the loſs of her little favourite; though after the firſt news of her calamity, ſhe had continually checked her ſorrow, in conſideration of her father, who could ſupport any affliction better than that of ſeeing his child unhappy.

Mary, whoſe deſire of pleaſing was as extenſive as her good nature was perfect, recollected another perſon to whom the journey would be highly delightful,—even honeſt Mathew;—he was accordingly ſummoned to attend them.

Mathew

Mathew had made a friendſhip with one of the tenants, who promiſed to ſuperintend the grounds in his abſence, which promiſe, encreaſed Mathew's alacrity to obey the call.

Mary, wiſhing the day before ſhe was to depart, to make ſome purchaſes as preſents for her quondam neighbours, was tempted by the fineneſs of the morning to walk, and only took Mathew to attend her.

After having been at a Linen Draper's, in Bridge-ſtreet, ſhe was croſſing through the Park to Bond-ſtreet, (as the pleaſanteſt way) when her charity was requeſted by a decent looking woman, whom ſhe inſtantly relieved; upon which ſhe was accoſted by an elderly man, not very indifferently dreſſed, who warmly commended her benevolence, and begged to recommend an object of the

the greateſt compaſſion, then deſcribing a woman who lay at the point of death for want of the neceſſaries of life, with two helpleſs infants in the ſame ſtarving condition.

A tale of woe never failed to faſten on Mary's ſenſes, which the man perceiving, perſiſted in it, and begged her to accompany him, to ſatisfy herſelf as to particulars.

This was a requeſt which would have ſtartled a more experienced perſon, but Mary had been wont to viſit the afflicted in the country, and was not aware of any accident through doing ſo in London; nay, rather rejoiced in the opportunity: minds devoid of ſuſpicion, are ſubject to yield to ſudden impulſes; indeed to do ſo on every intereſting occaſion, was peculiar to Mary.

A ſhower

A ſhower of rain aſſiſted the impoſter in getting rid of Matthew, whom his miſtreſs deſired to haſten, and have a coach ready in St. James's ſtreet; but when they reached St. James's-ſtreet, Matthew was not to be ſeen, and the rain pouring violently, Mary actually got into a coach with a ſtranger. He told her they had not far to go, but by the time they got to the end of Oxford Road, ſhe began to be of a different opinion, yet remained unſuſpicious till ſhe found herſelf in a retired lane, and then the horror of her ſituation ruſhed on her mind; ſhe would have ſcreamed for help, but not a perſon or houſe appeared in view.

Mary inwardly prayed Heaven to preſerve her, only venturing to ſay, "ſhe had no idea of coming ſo far."

DISTRESS AND JOY.

"O," ſays her companion, "when we get to the end of this lane, we ſhall be juſt at our journey's end, but we muſt leave the coach as the road is too narrow to admit of it, and walk about a hundred yards."

"No," ſaid Mary, "nothing ſhall induce me to quit the coach;" adding, "I begin to fear you have ill deſigns againſt me; if I wrong you, God forgive me; and do you convince me of my injuſtice, by ſuffering me to return immediately."

As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe was much agitated. The man, with more gentleneſs than ſhe expected, deſired her to be compoſed; he confeſſed, however, he did not mean to let her eſcape ſo eaſily, but if ſhe would quietly

quietly give him the purſe of guineas he ſaw her take out of her pocket, in the Park, her watch, &c. he would leave her, and order the coachman to drive expeditiouſly back.

Mary joyfully yielded the articles demanded, as a happy ranſom, and moſt heartily congratulated herſelf, when the *gentleman* wiſhed her a good morning, and made off.

When the coachman found there had been a robbery in his coach, he was outrageous, and told Mary had ſhe called out, he would have prevented it.—Mary regretted nothing but her own credulity, and arrived happily in Pall Mall, where Matthew's account had given general conſternation. He reported he had left his lady with *a good ſort of looking gentleman*, in the Park; relating the converſation he heard paſs between them,

them as a corroboration of his looks, "indeed (ſaid he) I was very glad my lady was under ſuch good care, for as the coaches were all off the ſtand, in St. James's Street, I was obliged to go further; ſo I ſuppoſe a a coach luckily came up in my abſence, ſo my lady took it."

Mr. Godfrey was far from being as eaſy on the ſubject as Matthew; he went himſelf to the ſhops his daughter propoſed going to, and hearing no tidings of her, could not conceal his alarming apprehenſions.

Hadleigh walked like one diſtracted, not knowing which way to turn. He called at home without any intention of ſitting down, if ſhe was not there, and found them rejoicing over the loſt ſheep.

Hadleigh had imperfectly known the ſtrength of his paſſion for Mary

till that moment; the agitations and fatigue he had undergone for ſome hours, rendered him almoſt unequal to the joy of meeting her; a kind of intoxication, made his head giddy, and inſtead of expreſſing the rapture he felt, he ſtaggered to a chair.

Mary *knew* how to conſtrue his indiſpoſition, and flew unaffectedly to remove it, by aſſuring him ſhe was well; and ſmiling to cheer him, added "ſhe had only been learning a leſſon, which ſhe hoped would prove uſeful, as about nineteen guineas, her watch, with innumerable palpitations, was a tolerable gratuity."

The relation of her adventure filled all her friends with horror; but Hadleigh ſoon recovering, a general thankfulneſs took place, and Mary proteſted, "it was worth

while to be robbed, and almoſt frightened to death, to view her conſequence in the affection of ſo many good folks."

A SINCERE WELCOME.

Mr. Godfrey ſoon reimburſed his daughter, that ſhe might make her intended purchaſes; and the next morning the party ſet off, accompanied by Hadleigh, who had not ſtaid all his leiſure time at Mountain Grove, and could therefore with convenience, as well as pleaſure, accept of Lady Newland's friendly invitation.

When they came to that part of the road where Mary firſt ſaw the fidler's family, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears, which her father was not

ſurpriſed at, excuſing his daughter to Lady Newland, by reciting Betſey's innocent attractions.

The child moſt certainly did credit to the pains generouſly beſtowed on her, and ſhe had likewiſe ſome natural endowments; a ſweet voice and a wonderful ear for muſic, had induced Mary to teach her ſeveral ſongs, which ſhe ſung in a moſt extraordinary ſtile, for ſo young a child; in fine, her temper was ſo pliant, that ſhe attained every inſtruction with uncommon facility.

It was natural to lament a child thus engaging, at an age too, when her ideas were moſt likely to be properly biaſſed. Mary could have reſigned her to Heaven with infinite more compoſure. She reproached herſelf for ever truſting Betſey out of her ſight; but their domeſticks were

were of ſuch tried fidelity, ſhe could have depended on their care for a child of her own, and who could ſuſpect a father of injuring his offſpring.

Mary drove her melancholy thoughts to the receſſes of her heart, and arrived with as chearful a countenance as ſhe could aſſume at Newland Houſe.

It was night when they arrived; but early the next morning, the whole neighbourhood of Godfrey Cottage, came, with one conſent, to teſtify their joy; for the ſervants had ſpread abroad what viſitors were expected to return with their lady; the ruſtic acclamations were to Hadleigh, freſh illuſtrations of his Mary's excellence; he ſoon accompanied her in returning their viſits, and ſo far gained their good word, that he

was pronounced worthy of their beloved benefactreſs; which laconically conveyed the higheſt praiſe their grateful hearts could beſtow.

Mary traverſed with delight her native meads, and Mr. Godfrey reviewed former ſcenes in ſilent meditation: the tomb of his wife he bedewed with tears of recollective fondneſs; and plucking weeds from the feet of it, bid violets bloom in their ſtead.

Godfrey Cottage, from having been ſhut up ſo many months, looked deſolate, as it were, reproaching its maſter with neglect.

"Sweet retirement!" exclaimed Mr. Godfrey, "I have uſed thee with the contempt a worldling ſhews, when his favourite poſſeſſions become unneedful."

As

As if to atone for an ingratitude he felt himſelf guilty of, he haſtened to the gentleman who wiſhed to rent the cottage, reſolving to put that, the garden, &c. in perfect repair for his reception.

AN UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE.

Stanley was the name mentioned, for Mr. Godfrey's propoſed tenant; he received Mr. Godfrey in a manner ſomewhat ſurpriſing; for concealing his face, he exclaimed, "I thought I *could*, but I *cannot* ſee him."

Mr. Godfrey ſtarted at the voice, and more ſtill, when the features were revealed, of one, he had formerly called his moſt intimate friend, and who had forfeited that title by uniting

uniting with another (who pretended equal friendſhip) in defrauding him of an immenſe ſum, under pretence of placing it out to advantage; whereas they were no ſooner poſſeſſed of it, than they eſcaped to a diſtant country.

Stanley, or rather Winterton, (that being his name) getting over his firſt emotions, at ſeeing a perſon he had injured, was not diſcouraged by Mr. Godfrey, from giving the following brief relation.

"When we imagined ourſelves out of the reach of juſtice, we launched out in every ſpecies of extravagance; till we reduce twenty thouſand pounds, to exactly half the ſum; upon which, Brierly, who was rather more provident than myſelf, propoſed buying an eſtate, then to be diſpoſed of in Normandy, and living

living within our income the reſt of our lives. We accordingly entered on the plan and many years experienced all the comfort guilty conſciences could expect: but at length the end of Brierly's career was threatened, by a fall from his horſe, in hunting, which broke both his legs; it became requiſite one of them ſhould be amputated: crippled and debilitated, he was ſo moroſe and diſguſting a companion, that the houſe grew inſufferable.

"He accuſed me of enticing him to guilt, and I threw the blame on him; in ſhort, we continually jarred on every ſubject. Notwithſtanding his altered ſtate, I thought he might live ſome time longer to torment me; therefore I turned all I could into caſh, and came to England, where I ſuppoſed my miſdemeanor was forgotten,

ten, by unintereſted perſons; and if I met with you, I reſolved to throw myſelf on your mercy.—I have been travelling through different counties theſe three years. I hear Brierly is dead; but I ſhall not trouble myſelf to ſeek after his effects, having enough to live in a cottage and repent, which I now intend to do as faſt as poſſible."

"Heaven aſſiſt you," ſaid Mr. Godfrey, "but you cannot have Godfrey Cottage." He refrained from reſentful language; indeed his indignation againſt Winterton for quitting his accomplice, when deprived of health and limbs, was not to be expreſſed; and the unfeeling ſtile in which he treated the ſubject, was equally ſhocking; ſo much ſo, that Mr. Godfrey, comparatively, thought light of the injury ſuſtained by

by himſel
ed, " you
of Godfrey —

" The power I have on you,—is to ſpare you;"
" The malice towards you,—to forgive you."

NEWS FROM PARIS.

Mary perceived when her father returned, he was diſconcerted, and anxiouſly aſked the cauſe; when informed of it, ſhe trembled with wondering horror.

Lady Newland rejoiced ſhe had eſcaped having ſuch a deſpicable neighbour; and all the party were greatly pleaſed on hearing, the enſuing day, that Winterton had quitted the country.

The diſagreeable ideas he occaſioned, were changed by a letter to Lady

ughter

" To Lady NEWLAND.

" My dear Madam,

" The Chevalier has brought me ſafe under his wing to this charming land of taſte and elegance,—happy contraſt to Newland Houſe!—where, I hope, notwithſtanding its lamentable drearineſs, you are well and happy.

" I have been undutiful, I know, in not attending, with due reverence, to your numerous lectures; but I am not deſtitute of natural affection: I now think often of your good advice, and even ſigh to hear it again; I have a ſtrange propenſity to prize moſt what I cannot attain.

" Of courſe, I have been introduced to the Chevalier's ſiſter.

The

"The Marchioneſs de Clairville, ſeems to entertain no ſmall ſenſe of her own dignity; ſhe is no ſtranger I believe, to the imperative mood. I ſhall think it right to be on good terms with her, but no derogations from conſequence, muſt ſhe expect on my part; at preſent we are the beſt friends imaginable.

"The Marchioneſs has made many enquiries after Miſs Godfrey, whom ſhe feared would be her ſiſter, vouchſafing to ſay, "ſhe could not have been ſo well pleaſed with any perſon in that relationſhip, as ſhe is with me."

"You ſee, my dear madam, tho' your favourite Mary is ſo very good, ſo *very* ſentimental, your own Emilia, in caſes of ſome importance, can be preferred.

"I believe at this time, I am particularly diſpoſed to be happy; every thing ſeems to concur in making me ſo. The manners of this country are perfectly congenial to my own.

"By being tranſplanted in this ſoil, I feel to have eſcaped the weeds with which matrimony in England, is over-run.

"Though I am the wife of one man, I can receive the devoirs of fifty others uncenſured:—Darling privilege! may I experience all the advantages it unfolds, and I fondly anticipate I ſhall.

"Adieu—deareſt Madam, I remain, your reſpectful and affectionate

EMILIA DE BEAUMONT."

P. S. Tell me, has Auguſtus Carter ſhot himſelf? though he would

not allow the Chevalier the honour of ſaving him the trouble.

A NEW LOVER,

The above Epiſtle ſatisfied Lady Newland as to her daughter's preſent happineſs, though ſhe feared it had too unſtable a foundation to promiſe duration. But ſhe would not, by anticipating evils, damp the ſocial comforts ſhe enjoyed in the ſociety of her friends.

Mr. Godfrey purſued his intentions of doing juſtice to Godfrey Cottage; and a gentleman on a viſit in the neighbourhood, was ſo charmed by its appearance, that he expreſſed a deſire to occupy the premiſes.

Mr. Lewiſham being every way a deſirable tenant, Mr. Godfrey gladly agreed with him.

Mr. Lewiſham's family was only himſelf and his ſon, beſides domeſticks.

Young Lewiſham was about twenty-four, of a ſerious and rather indolent nature, preferring a retirement with his father, and a ſmall inheritance in proſpect, rather than advancing himſelf by his abilities, which were not deſpicable, and at once enlarging his ideas and expectations.

Buſineſs at firſt called the Lewiſhams to Newland Houſe, and they ſoon found more prevailing inducements, eſpecially the ſon, who, in viewing Mary, ſeemed to emerge from a certain apathy and inactivity, till then predominant.

He

He beheld the favourite light Hadleigh was conſidered in, as a barrier to any hopes, and Miſs Godfrey was ſituated far above his pretenſions; yet he could not repel the paſſion her charms excited. While preſent, he gazed in a kind of enthuſiaſtic admiration; when abſent, ſhe was his conſtant theme.

"Rouſe yourſelf, my dear Charles, (ſaid Mr. Lewiſham) a hopeleſs paſſion will be an uncomfortable companion for this ſolitude; and, depend upon it, Miſs Godfrey is wholly unattainable."

Which Charles knew,—but he could not hear his fate pronounced devoid of the ſevereſt pangs.

Thus enamoured, he was ill prepared the next time he went to Newland Houſe, to hear Lady Newland's

land's gueſts were to depart in leſs than a week.

When it was mentioned, the change in his countenance was particularly noticed by Hadleigh, who ſaw with pity the impreſſion Mary had made. Her having a new admirer could no otherwiſe affect him, as her invariable conduct from the moment ſhe favoured his ſuit, diſtanced jealouſy, and encreaſed his love.

Hadleigh, though he pitied, ſcorned to triumph; nor in Lewiſham's preſence ſought the diſtinction to himſelf, Mary was ever ready to evince.

To change the ſubject of their departure, he aſked the ladies, half in jeſt, "if they would go to a grand puppet-ſhow, to be exhibited in the next town."

"I proteſt

"I proteſt (ſaid Mary) B——d grows quite gay." Lady Newland thinking to amuſe her young gueſt, made a party for the occaſion, which conſiſted of her own family, and the Lewiſhams.

Their conſequence and liberality procured them the beſt ſeats, which were both dirty and inconvenient; but Mary ſoon experienced in them, a more ſatisfactory delight than ſhe had ever known in the ſide box at the play, or pit at the opera.

END OF VOL. I.